

Children's Newspapers.

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AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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THE TRAGEDY OF A BRAVE MAN

CAPTIVE CABINET MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF A CAPITAL

The Men Who Led Bulgaria
Into War

PEASANTS ON THE BENCH AND MINISTERS IN THE DOCK

For nearly three years one of the most remarkable events in the history of human government has been running its course in Bulgaria, and the world has heard little about it.

Members of the Bulgarian Government that backed up King Ferdinand in leading the country into the Great War on behalf of Germany and against the Allies have been kept in prison, and for over a year their trial has been going on before 17 judges, including ten peasant judges, with hundreds of witnesses giving evidence. The charges against the prisoners took nine days in all to read.

When the consequences of the treacherous decision to help Germany were realised by the mass of the people of Bulgaria public indignation demanded that the members of their short-sighted Government should be seized and tried for treason to their country.

A Prime Minister Runs Away

The Premier, who guessed what might be coming, fled to Germany before the Armistice in 1918, but eleven of his colleagues were less cautious, and on them the heavy hand of retribution has fallen.

Not only have they been living in prison, but frequently, for a year, they have been paraded four times a day through the streets of the Bulgarian capital, between the prison and the Courts of Justice, under a strong guard of soldiers.

These former rulers of the land are accused of making war without the consent of Parliament; with leasing State property to the Germans; with seizing the property of other nations, all without consulting Parliament; and with not taking into account at all the advantages that might have been gained by siding with the Allies.

Monstrous National Crime

The penalties with which they are threatened, by a special law for holding this trial, are hard labour for life for anyone who took part in declaring war without the consent of Parliament; and death for anyone who served his own personal interests in making war rather than the interests of the country. Also, anyone who took such steps before the war as led to Bulgaria siding with Germany is to be considered equally guilty with those who made the war; and this provision has led to the arrest of ministers who were in office as long ago as 1912.

Further, some ministers who were serving in 1918 are accused of not making peace with the Allies at an earlier date, before the general failure

The Midday Darkness of London



This is London as it frequently is at midday in December. It is one of the greatest scandals of our time that dirt and smoke should be allowed to turn the midday of a great city into this midnight darkness that can almost be felt.

of the German group of belligerents.

When Bulgaria came into the war on the side of Germany everyone was amazed at her failure to appreciate the help given to her by England when she was securing her liberty. How could she do it? we asked.

The reply is that she did not do it. It was all done for her over the heads of the people and their Parliament; and this long trial, which wearies the Bulgarians themselves till they have ceased to take notice of it, and which is not even glanced at by other nations, is the natural outcome of a monstrous national crime committed by a few headstrong men.

In order that this trial of the men who betrayed Bulgaria to great loss of life and lands and wealth may be sanctioned by the people, a vote has been taken on it, and a million Bulgarians have voted which ministers shall be held responsible for the mistakes the people never had a chance of correcting.

At the moment when this is written the results of the poll are not known. Nor do the names of the men held guilty matter much to other nations. What is

important is that a heavy blow has been struck at men who, from a place of power, dare to distort the wishes of a nation and lead millions in paths they hate to tread.

There are features of this rise of the Bulgarian people to punish their rulers which are not attractive. People have been compelled by pressure to vote for or against the punishments prepared for the wrong-doers. But of what value is a vote that is not freely given, specially on such a question as this?

Then again, the sufferings of the accused Cabinet Ministers, in prison for so long with a doubtful fate hanging over them, have been severe enough to set off against whatever very serious faults they may have been guilty of.

That the lesson has been sufficiently learned we may well suppose, and it will be long before politicians placed in power in Bulgaria mock those who gave them their power. The jeers of the people of Sofia, as a gang of Cabinet Ministers walk daily through the streets like a file of convicts, will put on their guard the men who rule the new Bulgaria.

TERROR IN A LITTLE VILLAGE

FIRE BURSTS FROM THE SKIES

The Terrible Messenger That
Came to Church

REMARKABLE SCENES IN MEXICO

By Our Correspondent in Mexico

A little after half-past-four one dark morning in October, when the inhabitants of Amatitlan del Rio, a little Mexican village in the mountainous region of the State of Guerrero, were already up and preparing to go about their work, an unusual sound suddenly startled the inhabitants and sent them running out of doors.

As the people ran into the open they could see nothing, but the great sound, growing louder every instant, seemed to come from the clefts in the mountains.

Then, all at once, a fiery object burst into view from over the mountain ridge and sped, straight as an arrow, toward the little settlement, giving off a terrific roar and growing bigger every moment. The whole thing was so sudden that people fled in terror in all directions.

Fiery Monster Swoops Down

So deafening was the sound, and so dazzling the light of the fiery monster swooping straight down on the village, that the poor people felt certain Judgment Day had come.

The light was more brilliant than the sun, and, half-blinded by its radiance, these terrified folk fell on their knees in prayer just as the blazing mass sent the cupola of the church tower crashing to the ground and smashed into splinters the house of Atanasio Perez, one of the villagers, whose tiny daughter, sleeping in a cot, was instantly killed. Everywhere women were weeping and men were moaning and crying to God for mercy.

This terrible happening was looked upon as the direct vengeance of God because the village had been without a priest for a long time, and presently the villagers stood with reverence and fear round the ruined place, where it was found that a meteorite had fallen.

The Hole in the Ground

So great was the force with which this lump of metal had struck the ground that it had made a hole twelve feet deep.

But the village people were very angry with Atanasio Perez, who, although he was almost wild with terror and grief at the loss of his little daughter, was held responsible for all that had happened that morning because he had never been to church and had forced Regino Villalboa, the last village priest, to leave Amatitlan.

Such is the superstition that still exists where people are very ignorant, and the Government of President Obregon is doing its very best to give these humble Mexicans an education that will drive away such crazy notions.

ERSKINE CHILDERS

WHY HE HAD TO DIE

One More Tragedy on Ireland's Road to Freedom

NATIONS ARE GREATER THAN MEN

By Our Political Correspondent

The execution of Erskine Childers by the Government of the Irish Free State, acting under military law, is worth thinking over by all who value seriously their rights as citizens, for it raises points that, sooner or later, will have to be decided for themselves by all who mean to be good citizens.

Here was a clever and brave man who meant to have his own way or die for it. He could not have his own way, and so he died at the hands of his countrymen.

Over-riding the Laws

We may not ever be placed in such a position that death is the alternative to having our own way when and how we like, but we may easily be so placed that we feel disposed to break the laws of our country and suffer punishment because we want our immediate wishes to over-ride the laws made for the common good.

Everyone feels that the death of an earnest man because he is obstinate is a very tragic thing; but the beginning of the tragedy is his own want of judgment. See what Erskine Childers did.

He was English on his father's side and Irish on his mother's side. Educated as an Englishman, he became an official in the British Parliament and an enthusiastic patriot. He fought on our side as a volunteer in the Boer War, and again in the Great War, and was brave and distinguished. Then, as his opinions kept changing, he took up the cause of the Irish and called himself an Irishman.

The Promise of Peace

Never was there a clearer instance of how a man's opinions may change. At first he was an English Conservative, then an English Liberal, then an Irish Nationalist, then an Irish Sinn Féiner. Always he was changing. As a Sinn Féiner he drew up a scheme for governing Ireland under a plan of Dominion Home Rule, like Canada—the same plan that has been accepted by both the British and Irish Free State Parliaments.

But when his own plan was found acceptable by both countries and promised peace he gave it up, as he had given up all his earlier opinions one by one. He would accept no form of rule for Ireland except a Republic, but, though he knew a majority of his countrymen did not agree with him, he decided to fight and shed blood rather than give up his own wishes according to his latest opinion.

So he deliberately made himself a rebel; and not against England only, but against Ireland. He fought, he recklessly caused much death and suffering, and he was captured bearing arms against his countrymen and his country's laws. Then he was shot.

Rule by Majority

If everyone acted as Erskine Childers acted there would be no such thing as peaceful life by agreement under law, but the most violent people, however few they might be, would rule the rest by force, and civilisation would perish. The Government of Ireland was bound to show that the will of the country, not of individuals, must rule.

The foundation of all good government is that the majority should rule, and that the opinion of the majority should be changed, if need be, by arguments, and not by dread of violence. To that principle Erskine Childers would not agree; he would die rather than not have his own way. That is to say, he was an autocrat. He was, we are bound to say, cruel and dangerous.

It is a pity he should be killed; but it is a greater pity that he was what he was—an enemy to the death against government by reason.

J. D.

POPULATION DESERTS AN ISLAND

Rats in Possession

BIRDS KILLED AND CROPS DEVoured

Three years ago a ship foundered off the coast of Australia near Howe Island, and the rats leaving the sinking ship swam ashore.

There they quickly bred, and soon swarms of them overran the island. Some months ago the C.N. told how the thatch palm industry was being ruined by them, and since then things have gone from bad to worse. The rats have killed all the birds, with the result that harmful insects have multiplied tenfold.

The peaches are attacked by clouds of fruit flies, the leaves are stripped from the trees by caterpillars, and insects and rats together are devouring the corn and the fruit, as well as the palm, as fast as they grow. Poison has been used in vain, and now the people are leaving the island in despair.

When rabbits were first introduced into Australia and New Zealand they also multiplied and became a plague; but the rats seem even more difficult to keep in check. Perhaps, when they have made the island a desert, they will die of starvation.

THE TUNNEL MEN

How They Push the Boat Along

A law case has lately reminded us that on some of the Black Country canals, which are the oldest canals in the country, there still exists a queer practice known as legging.

It is probably the strangest form of locomotion in use today—primitive, and ludicrous, too, if it were not for the hardship involved to the men who have to perform it.

There are some long, narrow tunnels on these canals, built to permit of the passage of only one small boat, and so low that a man may not stand upright in the boat. He has to lie on his back, raise his legs, and push his feet alternately against the roof, thus propelling the boat slowly along.

It is an arduous task, for some of the tunnels are nearly two miles long, and the boat is often heavily laden.

The journey naturally takes many hours, and it is a weird experience to one not accustomed to it. The pitchy darkness is illuminated only by the flicker of a torch of tarred rope in the prow of the boat.

Several tunnels were built in the early part of the eighteenth century. One, two miles long, passes beneath the hill where the town of Dudley and its Norman castle stand; and it was in this, the other day, that a boatman met with an accident for which he claimed compensation in a law court.

The judge was surprised to learn that this antiquated method of locomotion is still in use. It is a horrible occupation, a relic of the days before science aided man in transporting his merchandise.

BOY AT THE TELESCOPE

How He Knew

It is a pleasure to publish this note from "beyond the Northern Border."

The writer, having had the privilege of scanning the heavens from the telescope of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, thinks the Editor might like to have this appreciation of the C.N. astronomical column.

The courteous official, in the course of conversation, remarked that many Edinburgh children took advantage of the opportunities offered to them of visiting the observatory and increasing their interest in the heavenly bodies.

One schoolboy was exceptionally keen and well informed, so that the astronomer inquired where he had obtained his knowledge. The lad at once replied that it was from the astronomical column of the C.N.

SPYING ON THE NORTH WIND

How the Weather Men are Helping the Farmer

BAROMETERS AT BAFFIN BAY

The meteorologists have been establishing outposts all over the world, and it is becoming increasingly difficult for the weather to steal a march upon civilised countries.

Everywhere there are barometers standing sentinel, and the moment the weather shows signs of misbehaving the wireless man sends warning that there is a depression advancing across the Atlantic, or the North Sea, or the Rocky Mountains, as the case may be, and that we had better get our umbrellas and mackintoshes ready.

But there have been some places where the clouds could mobilise and the storms brew without any weather spy to wire information; and from these places have come constantly great weather surprises.

Hitherto Baffin Bay has been one of these secret mobilising places, and from its wastes of ice and snow have issued weather surprises that have completely upset most predictions of the prophets.

Armies of Clouds Sweep Down

Last autumn, for instance, there was a great drought in America, and all the weather prophets for hundreds of miles around predicted that it would last still longer. But they had reckoned without Baffin Bay, and suddenly from the North there swept down armies of clouds that watered the Atlantic seaboard and all the Southern States.

Even Baffin Bay, however, is now to have its weather spies, and if any depression should start from that quarter the wireless will give warning of its depth and direction.

Every new meteorological station gives more certainty to the predictions of the weather prophets, and the barometers of Baffin Bay may yet be the means of saving the crops, not only of American, but even of British, farmers.

It is reported that during the past year the weather forecasts of the United States Department of Agriculture have guided the watering operations of 2500 fruit growers, and thus saved them thousands of pounds. The fruit growers were warned by post or telephone.

LADY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The Third in its History

Profession after profession, trade after trade, has been invaded by Woman.

We find her at the Bar, in Parliament,

in the pulpit, in the laboratory, in the bank, on the farm. Yet, remarkable to relate, no woman has been elected to the Royal Academy since its start in 1768, when Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser were among the original members elected.

This is the more remarkable when we consider that women are naturally artistic, that an art career has always been open to them, and that within recent years there have been such accomplished women painters as Lucy Kemp-Welch, Lady Butler, and the late Rosa Bonheur.

Now the Royal Academy has at last removed this anomaly and reproach by electing as an Associate the talented lady painter Mrs. Swynnerton. She has exhibited many pictures at the Royal Academy, and her picture "The Orcads" has been presented to the nation.

Curiously enough Mrs. Swynnerton has been elected after she has reached the age when Associates are generally promoted to the position of Senior Associate.



Mrs. Swynnerton

WELL DONE CANADA

North Atlantic Sailing Championship

THE DOMINION WINS

The annual international sailing championship between the fishermen of the North Atlantic coast is attracting attention increasingly, and this year has again been won by Canada against the United States.

The competition is for genuine fishing schooners. Last year the Americans built a fast schooner specially for this race, but the trustees of the cup disqualified her because she had never made a fishing voyage. The winner was the Canadian schooner *Bluenose*, from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

This year the contest was between the American schooner *Henry Ford* and the *Bluenose*. The first race was declared off because the *Henry Ford* was carrying a larger sail area than the racing regulations allowed.

The race was sailed again under the official conditions, and the first out of the three courses was won, in only a breath of wind, by the *Henry Ford*, which drifted in first. But when the second course was sailed, in a twenty-knot gale, the *Bluenose* won.

Then came the deciding course, with an 18-knot wind. On the last stretch of the race, with the *Bluenose* slightly leading, the *Henry Ford* lost one of her sails, whereupon Captain Walters, of the *Bluenose*, instantly lowered his corresponding sail and trimmed his boat to the same canvas as the *Ford* carried.

The sportsmanship of the Nova Scotia skipper had its reward, for the *Bluenose* won the deciding course, and again holds the championship for the year.

HAMMER HALES

The Strong Man of the Village

TALE OF A CHURCH TOWER

There are many ways of gaining distinction, but few win it as the Rev. George Henry Hales did. His nickname "Hammer" Hales tells us how he did it.

He threw the hammer in the Oxford and Cambridge Sports farther than any man in the world had thrown it before his time! His "record" throw, in 1876, was 138 feet 3 inches. Four times he threw for Cambridge University and beat Oxford.

His record has since been broken by 23 feet 8 inches.

Mr. Hales died the other day at Stickney, Lincolnshire, where he was the rector, and greatly admired and beloved.

The people in his village tell tales of his enormous strength. Here is one. When the tower of Stickney Church was being repaired two men brought a wagon load of heavy scaffold poles, and went away to find a third man to help them to unload and set up the poles. When they came back they found the poles already in position. The rector, unaided, had both unloaded them and upreared them!

THE NEWEST SLOT MACHINE

A Shillingsworth of Wireless

We all know the penny-in-the-slot chocolate and match machines.

Now America has the "quarter-in-the-slot" machine. A wireless equipment concern has received an order for 20,000 of these instruments, which will reproduce whatever happens to be passing through the ether for half an hour or so when a quarter dollar, about a shilling, is dropped in a slot.

These are placed in hotel rotundas, stations, and other places where people are accustomed to wait.

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The Children's Newspaper

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CREATING A PUBLIC SPIRIT

FINE WORK BEING DONE

Marylebone Sets London Boroughs a Great Example

HOSPITAL MOVEMENT MARCHING ONWARD

By a Correspondent

People who belong to towns like Bristol, Birmingham, or Leicester, are proud of being fellow-citizens and are willing to combine for any good purpose.

It is quite different in London, for the great city is made up of many boroughs, each as big as a town in the provinces, but without the same feeling of comradeship among those who live or work there.

Dwellers or workers in a London borough often do not know their neighbours, and do not bother about them. Some of them think of their borough as a place where they make money or perhaps lose it.

Village Now in London

Now a number of people connected with the great and wealthy borough of Marylebone, pronounced Marrybun, and linked with many famous names in science, art, and literature, have been thinking that this is quite wrong, and are trying in various ways to bring all sorts of Marylebone dwellers and workers together, and to make them feel that they have common interests like the citizens of Newcastle-on-Tyne or Manchester.

St. Marylebone began as a village near London, and now stretches from Edgware Road on the west nearly to Tottenham Court Road on the east; from Oxford Street on the south to the north of Maida Vale and St. John's Wood. It includes some very interesting places, such as the Zoo, the Botanical Gardens, Lord's Cricket Ground, and many fine shops on the north side of Oxford Street.

Working Together

A beginning in the attempt to bring about comradeship has been made with the hospitals, which are more numerous here than in any other part of London, and nine of these are now associated together for mutual help.

Last year these nine hospitals dealt with 13,564 in-patients, and 229,307 out-patients, and between them they provide a complete set of medical services for their borough, though many of their patients come from elsewhere.

Their good work is being helped by employers and their staffs, and also by private residents. It is astonishing how much can be done by people who are willing to work together. The staff members of one great firm have just collected 1000 guineas among themselves to endow a bed in Middlesex Hospital as a war memorial; we wish they would call it a peace memorial.

Rousing Local Patriotism

The trade unions are very keen, and one Sunday arranged a march through the streets and collected over £100, of which £75 was in pennies and half-pennies, mostly given by quite poor people. The Marylebone Branch of the London Gardens Guild, which tries to bring a breath of country air into the town, has given a fête in Lord's Cricket Ground, at which a large sum of money was raised for the hospitals.

But the hospital movement in Marylebone may prove to be but the beginning of larger things, for there are many ways in which local patriotism can be aroused. Attempts are being made to secure wider interest in matters connected with health, gardening, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, and other things which are likely to bring people together and make them friendly.

It is a noble purpose, carried out with some enthusiasm, and we wish it well. C.N. readers who would like to help to stir up a fine civic spirit in Marylebone should write to Major J. R. Ainsworth Davis at the Middlesex Hospital

WINTER SPORTS BEGIN



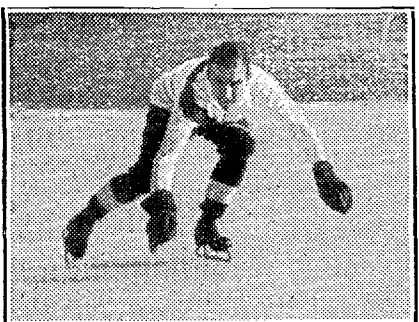
Off to the toboggan run



A fine ski jump at St. Moritz



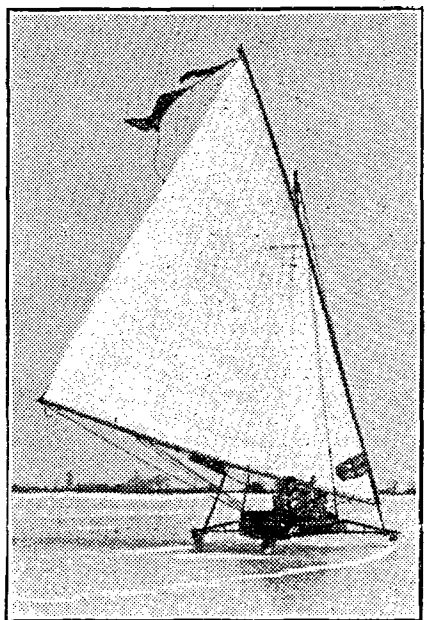
A happy tobogganing party has a spill



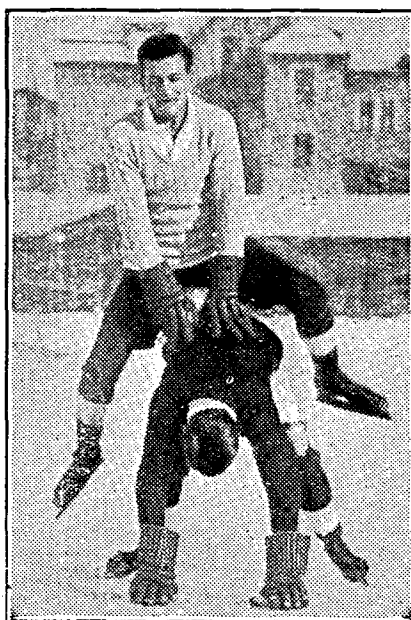
Fielding in the cricket match



Cricket on the ice



A spin in an ice yacht



Skaters have a game of leap frog

Snow has fallen heavily in Switzerland, and winter sports have now begun. Every year large numbers of British tourists take a holiday in the winter and go to the Playground of Europe, and here we see some of the ways in which they enjoy themselves there

IS THE EARTH SAFE?

SHAKING HERE AND THERE

But the End of the World is Not Coming Yet

THE FIRES COOLING DOWN

Nature has a way of humbling Man, her mightiest son. The instant operation of one of her immeasurable forces dwarfs all his efforts, as his energies dwarf those of an ant.

It was on the day that a belated report appeared telling of the hearing, some 600 miles away, of the big explosion in Holland, that the terrible Chilean earthquake occurred.

In a moment a subterranean movement shook down houses, factories, quays, warehouses, towns or parts of towns, over an area of 90,000 square miles of land.

The sea fell back from the coast and returned upon the shore, to scour away life and property as an incoming tide scours away a sand castle on the beach. It set up waves of destruction in Hawaii, 6000 miles away. How like a pop-gun is the Dutch man-made explosion by comparison!

Splitting of the Earth's Crust

To add to our sense of awe, on the day that this was happening we read of the adventure of the little steam trawler Prince Palatine, which steamed for 64 hours in the North Atlantic in a fog of volcanic glass—fine basaltic ash—which scientists say must have come from the Faroes or from Iceland, evidence of a volcanic eruption 500 miles away.

With volcanoes spouting in the North and the Earth's crust splitting in the West, have we reason for alarm for the world's safety? Fortunately, no; the Earth is growing more solid; its fires are not so furious as they once were.

Ancient earthquakes fissured continents, turned hills into valleys, valleys into hills. Sinkages of land in one part of the Earth thrust up land to form mountain ranges elsewhere.

Volcanoes that Die Down

Volcanoes tend to die down. Vesuvius and Etna, terrible to Europe, are declared by the highest authorities to belong, not to the grandest types of volcanic action, but to a time of failing activity.

"I believed that I and the world were perishing together," said Pliny of that night which destroyed Pompeii in A.D. 79. The same thought possessed men who were present at the eruption of Krakatoa, some 1800 years later.

A letter lies before us from a survivor from the little English sailing ship Old Kensington, which weathered the awful event. "Another ship got ashore," says the writer. "She had a very rough crew. They all thought the end of the world had come, and rushed to the cabin and tried to sing hymns. Our captain feared God and nothing else, and our ship was like a little Bethel that terrible night."

World's Safety Valves

But the end of the world is not to come at the instance of a volcano. We have about 300 of these safety valves for the earth's fiery interior, and they grow less terrible.

This basalt, which drifted as an ash on to the deck of the Prince Palatine, once poured forth in a burning flood over an area embracing north-east Ireland, the north of England, Scotland, the Hebrides and the Faroes, up to Iceland.

We live in quieter days, broken by terrors such as this earthquake and the Prince Palatine's experience, but with evidence that the Earth solidifies placidly on the whole, and with promise of full security for the future.

POWER OF A £5 NOTE BRITISH CREDIT IN A BROKEN WORLD

Striking Glimpse of Life as it is
in Germany

THE HAPPINESS A LITTLE CAN BUY

In England we do not realise what a worrying uncertainty life is to German people of the middle class. A few extracts from a letter written by a German lady who had received somewhat unexpectedly an English £5 note will give us glimpses of the difficulties in a country that some regard as prosperous.

The reader will note how, behind all the points in this graphic letter of womanly management, there is felt the extraordinary power of a British £5 note. It can alter the immediate outlook on life of a German lady of education—so great is the power of British credit in this broken world.

I got about 125,000 marks for the £5. It was very fortunate for me, for I was in difficulties about paying a bill of 10,000 marks for wood, and another bill of 11,000 marks for coal.

I do not buy at once all the food I might, for I hope the value of the mark will improve. Sometimes I feel rich because I am still well dressed and sufficiently fed, while others are shabby and suffer hunger. At other times I have the feeling that our family is sinking down into poverty.

Tea from the Lime Tree

I am so proud to have a piano, which once was bought for 1200 marks and is now worth about 250,000 marks. A pair of shoes costs 8000 marks; a coat 30,000. Butter costs 1000 marks a pound. Two pounds of black bread cost 250 marks.

Tomorrow I shall buy some of my Christmas presents—I am so glad I can now give some. I can give auntie a pound of tea. It will cost about 1200 marks, I dare say. Usually we drink for tea an infusion of the blossoms of the lime tree or of briar leaves.

If you want to buy a thing you must rush about to several shops and ask what it costs, for prices differ according to the time when a fair shopkeeper bought the things he has to sell. At least it has been so, but now they all seem to be demanding the new prices.

No Fixed Prices

If you find, after trying them all, that the first shop you call at is selling what you want cheaper than the others you run back to it, but often you find the thing has been sold some minutes ago. If you buy at once, and do not rush about, you hear the next day that your friend has bought the thing cheaper in another shop. There are no fixed prices. You would like to buy a thing but the price seems too high, so you wait a week, and then, finding you cannot do without it, you go back to the shop, but the price is doubled. That is what enervates us, and we get old in no time.

I am sorry I am compelled to be always thinking of the price of things. When one has money in hand, as I have now owing to this £5, one can choose one's time for buying, and that is a great saving. It has enabled us to refrain at present from selling our garden, which we had thought of doing.

CANADA LOOKS AHEAD

Protecting Her River Fish

Canada's fisheries are one of her greatest assets, and large sums are spent by the Dominion Government in providing against depletion of the supply.

This year the Department of Fisheries has distributed 846 million fish and fish eggs from her different great fish hatcheries among the various lakes and rivers. Of these 535 million were white-fish, 165 million pickerel, 106 million salmon.

FROM TORONTO TO TRINIDAD

Bird's Remarkable Flight
FIFTY MILES A DAY FOR
NINE WEEKS

Many animals in the course of the year, or in the course of their lives, undertake regular migrations.

The eel, born in the sea, returns to the sea to breed and die; other fishes visit the sea yearly; seals, walruses, bisons, bats, all have their seasonal journeyings; and even insects and toads have their periodical flittings.

But the most wonderful migrations are by birds, who in autumn flit from temperate to tropical zones, and in spring return to the temperate zones. Their migration may be due to the food question, and year by year they may have learned to fly farther afield; but it is strange that they always migrate from the tropics to the north temperate, never to the south temperate zone; and there are many other things about their migration very difficult to explain.

For some years investigations have been made at Washington to determine how far birds travel in their long migrations. More than 200 birds have been caught and labelled, and sent off on their travels from a lake near Toronto, in Canada, and thus the distance of their migrations has been measured.

So far the record for speed and distance is held by a blue-winged teal. It was labelled and set free on September 24, 1920, and it was killed nine weeks later in a swamp on the island of Trinidad. The distance as a bird flies between Toronto and Trinidad is 3000 miles. So that the bird must have flown about 50 miles a day for nine weeks.

THE VERY THING FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Xmas Gifts That Last the
Whole Year Round

If you want to give your small brother or sister a Christmas present that will give joy and pleasure the whole year round you can hardly do better than choose a copy of either Playbox Annual, Tiger Tim's Annual, Puck Annual, or Wonderland Annual.

These jolly books are the very things for very little people, packed with the jolliest of jolly stories, pictures, and colour plates; and they will outlast any toy.

For yourself perhaps, no Christmas gift could give you more fun than a copy of the Holiday Annual or Schoolgirls' Own Annual. Most of their thrilling stories of school life and adventure introduce popular schoolboy and school-girl characters, and there are crowds of other fascinating articles and pictures. Why not drop a hint to mother or father that you want one of these jolly books for Christmas?

BOTTLES FROM THE SEA

Ten Miles a Day to Holland

John Delaney, of Rosslare, County Wexford, sends us a message from Wales found by him in a bottle on Rosslare seashore, which reads:

"Released from the mouth of the Dwyryd, October 15, 1922. Will find forward particulars of recovery to the Editor of the C.N.?" The finder does not notify the date, which might show the time of the bottle's drift to shore.

Another bottle thrown into the sea by Louie Marsh, of Langton Matravers, Dorset, has turned up. It was thrown into the water at Dancing Ledge, near Swanage, on June 5, and picked up by a Dutchman at Texel, the largest of the Frisian islands, on July 19, so that in six weeks it travelled about 400 miles.

RUBBER MAY BOOM AGAIN

What the Rubber Tree
Gives Us

MANY NEW USES FOR LATEX

Considering the enormous quantity of paper consumed every year, the new discovery lately described in the C.N., that paper may be treated with latex, or liquid rubber, so that it becomes stronger, more waterproof, and altogether more permanent, holds out a more prosperous future for the hard-hit rubber industry.

Indeed, one rubber company has already printed its annual report on the new rubberised paper. But the application of the new discovery, it is now announced, is not limited to paper, and we appear to be on the threshold of what will prove to be a new industry, running on parallel lines to the old rubber industry, and consuming thousands of tons of rubber which otherwise would not be used at all.

Tank Steamers to Carry Rubber

Industrial chemists, inventors, and manufacturers are now busy experimenting to find sound methods for the application of rubber latex, and cargoes of latex from the East have proved so successful that it is proposed to use tank steamers for its transport in bulk.

Methods are being developed for saturating fabrics with latex to render them damp-resisting, and for impregnating the cotton fibre used in the manufacture of cord for motor-tyre covers.

In America it is being used as an ingredient in concrete, and it is being added as waterproofing to terra-cotta and decorative materials.

The experts, in short, think that a wonderful prospect opens out for the future. The day may not be far off when our houses will be built of bricks treated with the rubber juice, so that damp will not penetrate our homes.

A PYRENEES MUSEUM Something New at Lourdes

By Our Correspondent in the Pyrenees

At Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, the high mountains between France and Spain, a museum was opened a few days ago by the Minister of Fine Arts, Léon Bérard, and travellers who pass that way should not fail to go and see it.

This Pyrenean museum has been started at Lourdes in a fortified castle on the top of a hill which formed a stronghold of the Romans. Towering above the valley, the master of this sharp rock, whoever he was, must have been the master of the whole country.

Coveted by all, the fortress was frequently besieged: Goths, Saracens, Normans, English, and Franks all besieged its sombre walls. Then, when the military value of the castle lessened with the development of artillery, it was transformed into a prison where politicians and great folks who became a nuisance were shut up. Then, thirty years ago, the French Government sold the castle to the town of Lourdes, and now some artists have suggested the idea of turning it into a museum to preserve the remnants of the local civilisation. They have been working at this since the war, their programme being the material and intellectual reconstruction of the long chain of life in the whole area of the Pyrenees from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic Ocean.

About a century and a half ago the high chain of the Pyrenees was less known than Everest is today; now each of the stages of the exploration of the Pyrenees is recalled by some visible token in this museum, and a new interest for the traveller appears in this old town.

In May last year the curators of the museum walked into the empty rooms; during the summer 50,000 visitors passed through the unfinished apartments.

H.M.S. ASCENSION ODD BIT OF THE EMPIRE

The Island that was Run as a
Warship

WHERE CRABS STEAL RABBITS

We announced the other day that the lonely Island of Ascension in the Atlantic Ocean is to be transferred from the Admiralty to the Colonial Office, which will henceforth be responsible for its administration.

The story of this island is one of the strangest chapters of the British Empire. The Island of Ascension was discovered by the Portuguese navigator João da Nova on Ascension Day, 1501, hence its name, and it was here, exactly two centuries later, that the English navigator Dampier was wrecked.

Curious Form of Government

During his stay on the island, which is about seven miles long by six broad, Dampier discovered the only spring of water on the island, the one that still supplies the inhabitants with drink.

The place remained uninhabited till 1815, when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, and then the British Government decided to place a garrison on Ascension, 800 miles away, and make it a naval store. A little settlement was formed on the north-west coast, and was called officially Georgetown, after George III, but the inhabitants have always spoken of it as Garrison.

The strangest thing about Ascension is its form of government. There is nothing else quite like it in the world. Being placed under the Admiralty it was treated as a warship, and as been administered as such ever since. Its governor for more than a hundred years has been a naval captain, whose expenses have been charged on the books of the Admiral Superintendent of Gibraltar.

Where Cats are a Pest

The inhabitants have consisted exclusively of a crew of marines and seamen with their families and a few Negroes from Africa—about 120 in all—and the routine and discipline of a man-of-war have been strictly maintained. Indeed, the island has been regarded as a kind of tender to the admiral's ship.

Darwin, who visited the island in the Beagle, gives an account of it, and says: "the whole island may be compared to a huge ship kept in first-rate order."

Ascension is not a very desirable place to live in. Though it has no native animals of its own, many creatures, wild and tame, have been taken there and have multiplied greatly. The island is overrun with rats, and when cats were taken to keep these down they also became wild and multiplied, till wild cats are almost as great a pest as the rats.

Land crabs swarm all over the island and climb to the top of the highest peak, Green Mountain. The larger ones steal the young rabbits from their holes and devour them.

Darwin Praises the Sailors

Many turtles are caught and served out twice a week as rations. The seamen also keep young turtles as pets in buckets of sea water.

Till the British went to Ascension it was practically bare of vegetation, but now young trees and shrubs, furze, grasses, hardy plants, and European vegetables flourish, and the grasses fatten large numbers of sheep and cattle. There are also many goats.

Darwin was much struck with the way in which the British had made a garden out of a bare volcanic rock, and believed no one but the English could have done it.

The sea is usually so rough round Ascension that a kind of crane is provided at the landing-place, with a hanging rope by which visitors can swing themselves on shore from a boat.

Now this island is to cease to be a ship run by a captain and crew.

Hundreds of these questions are being answered now in the great C.N. book, the Children's Encyclopedia, of which the first five parts are on sale.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 9 1922

Are You a Moron?

A PIECE of remarkable news comes from America—that certain intelligence tests have shown that the minds of 83 in every 100 people stop where the mind of a wise child is at fourteen! Such people, we are told, are being called Morons, from the Greek *moros*, meaning foolish.

It is sad and strange that minds should stop growing—all for want of exercise, no doubt.

Even the development of the body is not completed at fourteen. Healthy boys and girls go on developing for years beyond that age, and take a pride in their growth and fitness. And, as the mind has much greater possibilities of development than the body, it should keep growing year after year up to old age.

A normal child of fourteen who has been properly educated ought to know a good deal, and ought to have enough intelligence to deal with most of the practical affairs of life, but it is pitiful to think that the minds of so many people should cease to develop. It is possible that in England papers like the C.N. stimulate the development of young minds beyond the Moron point; but even in England there must be many Morons.

That is a tragedy, for the man or woman with a mind not fully developed misses half of the pleasure and interest that life can give. The mind which grows is like a traveller visiting many goodly states and kingdoms; like a mountaineer climbing great mountains and gaining ever wider views; like an athlete gaining ever more activity and skill.

As his mind grows life has a new meaning for him, and his own personal consciousness becomes a bigger and more living thing. Every year, every day, he knows more. Yesterday, perhaps, he thought the moon was but a shining disc; today he knows it was once a bit of the Earth's crust. Last year, perhaps, he thought matter was dead; now he knows all the wonderful things about the atom.

Last month he probably thought all mountains were made of mud; now he realises that many of them are built of millions and millions of little shells. The more he knows the more he wishes to know, and the more he feels that his mind is getting into touch with the Great Mind in which all things live and move and have their being. Problems may meet him, but they are like mountains to a strong man. Even if the mountain cannot be climbed, it leads upward to wider horizons. So life grows ever more interesting, more wonderful, more divine.

The mind that does not grow misses all this—misses more than half the joy of life.

So let us all come to a great resolve—*Never to be Morons!*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Our Weekly Run

PROBABLY single copies of the C.N. are read by more people than almost any other publication, for they are posted by friendly hands to the remotest parts of the world, where reading matter is scarce, and is passed round as a sort of duty.

We think that at last a record has been reached, as set out in a letter from the islands of the Outer Hebrides. "The C.N. is such a boon," writes a mother. "I sew it up the back and it goes on a journey round a family of 44, until it becomes unrecognisable. It is splendid, and every page is enjoyed while it lasts." We are sorry to become unrecognisable, but we much enjoy our weekly run round the big family of the Outer Hebrides.



Which Way?

There is a movement for a monarchy, it is said, in Germany. So there is in France! What matters is whether the movement is merely a child, like this, or whether, as a German comic paper suggests, we see the idea better by turning the picture upside down!

Sign, Please!

AUTOGRAPH hunters are among the scourges which afflict busy eminence. Many are the amusing stories told of the tricks by which seekers after signatures artfully beguile his written name from an unsuspecting son of fame. The most appealing example of delightful audacity is the following rhyme, quoted in Mr. David Williamson's *Life of Sir John Kirk*. It is a schoolboy's letter to Sir John:

Of autographs of men of fame
I've gathered not a few,
But one illustrious name I miss,
And that, sir, is of you.
So kindly send one little line
A schoolboy's heart to cheer,
And make his autographic book
A thousand times more dear.
And as we cannot say what time
May have for us in store—
For I may be Lord Chancellor,
Or even something more—
When that event takes place I'll see
That you shall have a line from me.

If that is original, and a boy's work, one would say that a youthful Harold Begbie or a budding R. L. S. was behind the pen that wrote it.

A Brighter World

WHAT a jolly world it is! A pheasant has been up to town and walked into a tube station on the Piccadilly Railway, and a salmon has made a flying leap over the head of a labourer in Cardiff Docks. Brighter London and brighter Cardiff!

Tip-Cat

MEN's faces are said to be longer than they used to be. No doubt because they've worn them longer.

Is it possible, we are asked, to get music out of a mouth organ? Most singers believe it is.

If you want to wake up famous it is best to sleep with one eye open.

GRAMOPHONE shops are reported to be springing up everywhere with a rapidity that breaks all records.

NOTHING, according to a philosopher, is really lost in Nature. Has he ever lost a golf ball in the gorse?

THE Dean of Windsor thinks the Germans are happier than before the war. We wonder if the Germans think so.

HISTORIANS, it seems, are often poor spellers. Then we cannot always trust their word.

MAN, we are told, was fashioned for friendship. But he is not always in the fashion.

A COMMERCIAL expert writes: We want to get back to business. The trouble is that we cannot get the business back.

A HEADMASTER says that girls are spoiled by games. Boys generally think it is the games that are spoiled by girls.

Dr. Merryman

WE like the idea of encouraging children to laugh; let us all encourage it.

All children are born crying; we have to teach them how to laugh, and among civilised peoples it is one of the first things they learn.

When the sixth sense comes, the sense of humour, it is a sign that we are beginning to grow wise. The Veddahs of Ceylon never laugh; it is said that for 2000 years no smile has been seen on a Veddah face. And they are primitive and undeveloped, only a little higher than the animals.

Never let us be too dignified for laughter. Anybody can be gloomy; only the wise can laugh.

Nothing but harm ever comes of a bad thing.

JOHN RUSKIN

The Guardian Angel

By La Petite Européenne

EVERY evening, after dinner, a little boy in Paris says Good-night very sweetly to everybody in the drawing-room before the nurse takes him to bed.

Then, when Grandpa thinks little Jacques should be in bed, the old man quietly disappears. He has gone to the child's bedroom; he sits by the bed and holds the small hand till sleep comes over the little man.

A few evenings ago things did not happen as usual. Grandpa left his friends with his "See you again presently," but the time passed on and on, and the old man did not come back.

Fearing that something was wrong with the child, the mother rose to go upstairs, when the door suddenly opened and a little figure in white stood out against the darkness.

It was Jacques in his long, white robe. Whatever could have happened?

But nobody was afraid, for the little man put his finger to his lips. *Hush!* he murmured softly; *Grandpa is asleep.*

Jim the Bulldog

JIM the bulldog belonged to the late Father Plater, of Oxford, and with him once went to a conference where good people were thinking together.

Jimmy sent this message to them: it is surprising how much he shared the opinions of his master!

I'm Jim the bulldog. Candid friends remark They wouldn't care to meet me in the dark. My face perhaps is ugly. I don't mind it. I have the happiness to be behind it.

I'm fond of books, I pull them all to bits, And throw their outraged owners into fits; Yet these same owners hardly think it matters

To tear each other's characters to tatters.

Children I love; and if you are as these, I love you too, and do my best to please. If you are not; well, let me put it thus—As Christians you have simply missed the bus.

The stars and hills praise God, I hear you say.

I don't pretend to be as great as they; Yet, a poor comrade in this tearful vale, Is it for nothing that I wag my tail?

This Jimmy was, and is, a remarkable dog. His master was a very merry and devoted priest, who loved, during the war, to be among the crippled soldiers. Jimmy went with him; "he paced beside bathchairs, and pretended he was pulling them; he became known on lecture platforms; he snored through the gravest meetings." He was welcomed with rapture in hospitals; and he ate not wisely, but too well, in every ward. Today he is said to be a little more staid and grey, and he still sits beside men in hospital.

Altogether Jimmy has done much good, so we read in the story of his master's life (Charles Dominic Plater, by C. C. Martindale: published by Harding & Moore); he broke the ice when strangers were about; and when learned men of different Churches were meeting together, rather shy of each other, they seemed to be more friendly when they had patted Jimmy.

Our best bow-wow to him. May his last years be years of happiness!

SUGAR COSTS US MORE

THE UNSWEETENED DAYS OF ENGLAND

Alfred's Laws Against the Terrible Crime of Stealing Bees THE MELANCHOLY OF MERRIE ENGLAND

Our sweets will cost us more, for the price of sugar is to be increased. Cakes, confectionery, chocolates, biscuits, everything that needs sweetening, will be affected.

There is a shortage of supplies and an increasing demand. Russia, Germany, and Austria, the three great beet-sugar producers, are not able to furnish enough, and must import instead of exporting; Great Britain is returning to her pre-war demand of 1,800,000 tons a year; America, with a taste for good sweet foods and drinks fortunately increased by Prohibition, needs five million tons instead of four, and there is not enough sugar to go round.

Sugar for Wool

So much for mere trade details. Note what a tale they tell of human development within modern times. The immense world-wide industries which depend on sugar, employing vast numbers of people and involving money enough to pay the War Debts of the nations, have all arisen from the extension from East to West of the product of a certain grass.

Cane sugar, now challenged by beet, came first. It was cultivated originally, it is believed, in India, whence the canes were carried to China, Egypt, and Persia; then rooted by the conquering Arabs in the Mediterranean.

It came late to England, not much before the Norman Conquest; and then we used to send out our famous English wool and receive in exchange sugar which had grown in Egypt and been carried to the world-mart, Venice.

Importance of the Bee

Until that happened we had no sugar in England. Even in Shakespeare's time sugar realised what must have been ten shillings a pound in present-day money. It was a sugarless England. Bees supplied the only sweetness—a fact which explains the severity of the old English laws on the subject. The gravest thefts known to the law were those relating to gold, horses, and bees!

Alfred altered that and made the penalty equal for all thefts, "except the stealing of men," though he confessed he did not know whether future generations would accept his laws.

The bee, then, was of paramount importance in a land which had no sweets. There was little of anything. There were no tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate; no potatoes, turnips, carrots, or any root crop; no maize; no currants or raisins; no spices, nor even clean, healthy salt, unless it could be secured by special treaty with France; no drugs or medicines of value.

A Great Leap Forward

Civilisation made an enormous leap forward when America was discovered and gave us maize and potatoes, and chocolate and quinine. We paid her for her treasures by giving her sugar, cattle, pigs, and horses.

Holland gave us roots for winter food for ourselves and our cattle, so that we could have fresh meat and vegetables all the year round, and then, and not till then, we banished leprosy and scurvy.

We talk about the plum pudding and roast beef in English homes, but there was no plum pudding till sugar came in, and no beef until swedes and turnips came to feed cattle through the winter.

The earliest English poetry is all Songs Without Sugar. Winter was a long agony of want and misery, and the heart burst into joyous melody at the coming of spring and summer with their sweets and plenty.

Sugar, as well as cotton, is a big

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Rural schools in the United States are now carrying pupils to and from school by motor-car.

The Australian Bureau of Commerce is investigating the possibility of making paper from cotton-seed waste fibres.

A Cat as a Fisher

A Guernsey correspondent reports that every day a cat on the island brings a fish about four inches long, called a cabot, to its kitten at tea-time.

Government Matches

The French Government proposes to transfer the manufacture of tobacco and matches, at present a national monopoly, to private industry. The Minister of Finance admits that French matches are poorer and dearer than foreign brands.

The Right Sort of Law

In Rarotonga, the most populous of the Cook Islands in the Pacific, it is provided by law that the head of each family shall plant a coconut tree for each year of a child's age until the child is old enough to plant trees himself.

Nearly two and a half million cases of fruit were shipped out of British Columbia this year.

A Washington apple packer broke all records recently by packing 378 boxes in nine hours and forty minutes.

Boarding a Moving Ship

A woman passenger by the Aquitania, having missed the boat train, reached the ship a little late, but boarded from a tug as the Aquitania was on the move.

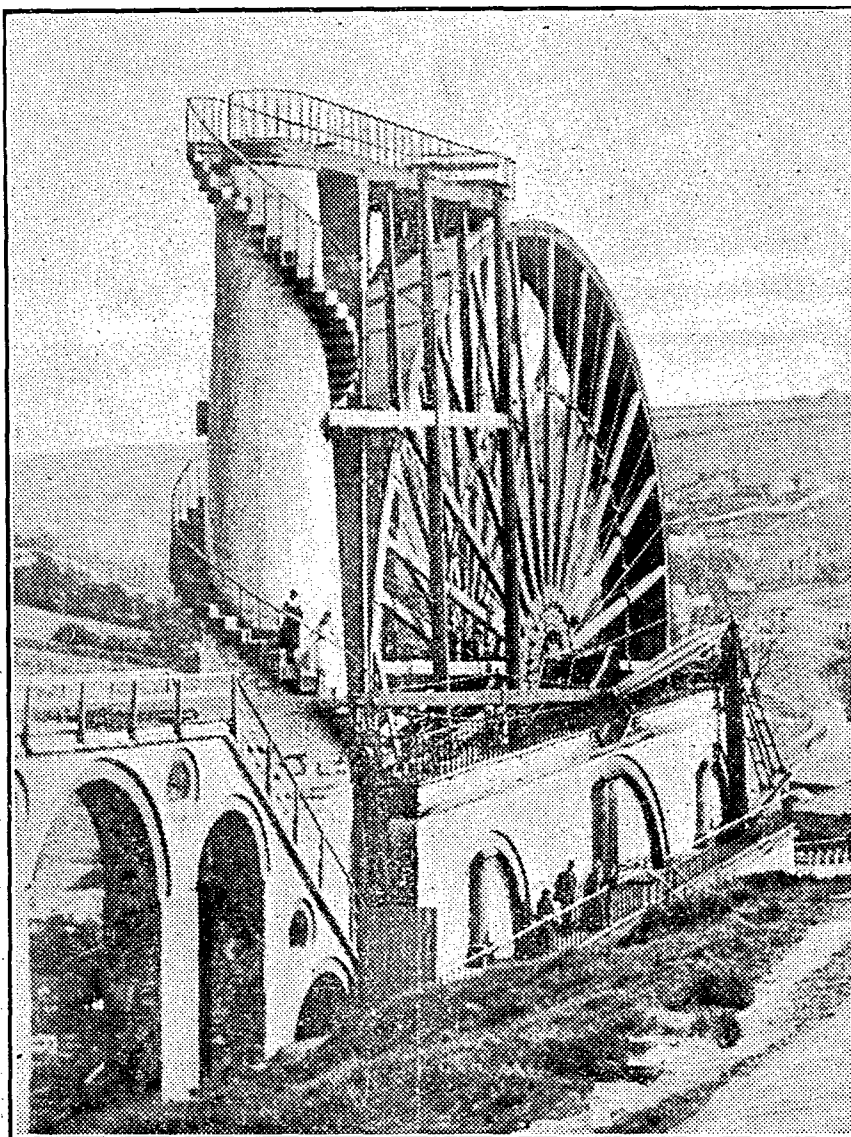
A Car for £65

Mr. Ford has again met competition by cutting the prices of his cars, and now his five-passenger touring car sells at Detroit new for about £65, by far the lowest price in history.

A Calculating Card

Boys and girls are constantly wanting to change English weights and measures into their metric equivalents. A very useful little card for this purpose—and many others—has been issued by Mr. A. E. Bawtree, of 7, Manor Park Road, Sutton, Surrey, at a shilling.

A GREAT WHEEL IN DANGER



That famous landmark in the Isle of Man, the Great Water Wheel of Laxey, has been in danger of destruction owing to a serious fire at the lead mines, the crushing machinery of which is driven by the wheel

WHO SHALL BE ALLOWED TO DIE?

A curious fact is reported from Russia to the Friends' Relief Committee by Dr. Mackenzie, a lady doctor working for the Friends' service in the Buzuluk famine district.

Dr. Mackenzie says that the prairie rats, or sourliki, little creatures like kangaroos, bite through the stem of a piece of wheat so that it falls to the ground. Then they break off the seeds, or heads with the grain, and carry them to their burrows. In this way they lessen the harvest.

The burrows are like rabbits' burrows, and during the time of food shortage and distress the peasants dug up the reserve food of the prairie rats, often

amounting to several pounds of wheat, and made it into bread.

It is feared that in the Buzuluk district famine conditions will return during the coming winter, making relief more difficult than ever, as, if food supplies are short, the Relief workers will have to choose from those whom they saved last year which among them they will allow to die and which they will save by means of their limited supplies.

The Friends' Service (10, Fetter Lane, E.C. 4) is being asked for 30,000 blankets for the winter. Half-a-crown sent to them will buy a relief blanket for some poor benumbed Russian family.

BRITAIN'S WORD FIRM AFTER A CENTURY

Interesting Claim Against the United States

A RED INDIAN REMNANT

There is a deep meaning in the news that Great Britain is backing a small remnant of Cayuga Indians against the State of New York before an Arbitration Commission.

The British Government's claim is that the Government of the United States should collect from the State of New York a debt which the State has owed for 110 years to a Red Indian tribe, and which has now accumulated to three million dollars.

The facts are that in 1808 the Cayugas, who then were a powerful tribe, ceded their lands to the State of New York in return for an annuity of 2400 dollars, which was to be paid to the members of the tribe and their heirs for ever.

Allies of Britain

But in 1812 war broke out between the United States and Great Britain—the last war between the two countries—and the Cayugas sided with Great Britain. Thereupon the State of New York, very naturally, stopped the annuity. When peace was made, however, the treaty provided that none of the allies of Great Britain should sacrifice any of their rights; and the British Government contends that the Cayuga Indians were such allies, and therefore ought not to have forfeited the perpetual pensions for which they had sold their lands.

The descendants of the Cayugas who made the bargain now live chiefly in Canada, and that is an additional reason why great Britain should give them her support; but the chief reason is that their claim rests on a treaty to which Great Britain was one of the principal parties, and it is a point of honour that she never goes back on her word and never disowns the just claims of her friends.

Neither Deserted nor Forgotten

No doubt justice will be honourably done, for that is the purpose of the Arbitration Commission, and the Cayugas will get whatever they are entitled to, much, little, or nothing; but for people of British birth it is an allowable cause for pride that our traditional care for races linked with us by government or by friendship has been sustained, and we are showing that they have neither been deserted nor forgotten.

The course now adopted with respect to the Cayugas has been illustrated by British action in the past. Some years ago a commission was appointed to fix the unsettled boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. Maps and documents failed to settle the disputed points, so members of a wandering tribe of Indians were called in to give evidence.

Sons of the Wilderness

The problems that were creating strife between the nations did not perplex these half-naked and unlettered sons of the wilderness. It had been handed down from father to son that a certain river formed the frontier, and all experience taught them that if hunted by enemies they were safe if they crossed the river, for the land beyond belonged to the British.

This evidence settled the matter; and Lord Loreburn, who was present, said afterwards: "I heard that testimony with great pride in the British flag, for a purer proof was never put forward by a noble nation."

Justice for the Cayugas should strengthen the feeling that the flag stands for constancy as well as right.

CENSUS OF THE EMPIRE

440 MILLIONS UNDER
THE UNION JACK
One-Fourth of All the People
in the World
PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY LANDS

By Our Economic Correspondent

It is expected that the population of the British Empire will grow rapidly in the next ten years, and there are some interesting features of it that are worth remembering.

There are supposed to be about 440 million people under the British flag all over the world. Here is an interesting table which shows how the population is divided between the various chief parts of the Empire:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| BRITISH ISLES | 47,300,000 |
| THE DOMINIONS | |
| Canada & Newfoundland | 9,000,000 |
| Australia | 5,500,000 |
| New Zealand | 1,300,000 |
| South Africa (Union of) | 5,700,000 |
| OTHER PARTS OF THE EMPIRE | |
| Indian Empire | 319,100,000 |
| Ceylon | 4,500,000 |
| Other Possessions | 40,000,000 |
| Total— | 432,400,000 |

These facts relate to 1921, and since then there has been further growth, so that we may put the present figure with fair accuracy at 440 millions. That means that the British Empire contains nearly one-fourth of the world's people.

When we look at the figures we see at once that India contains nearly three-fourths of the Empire's people. The Indian population was counted on the night of March 18, 1921, and the result was 319,075,132, as compared with 315,156,396 at the previous census, ten years before. The Indian population is probably about the same as that of China, and India and China together contain one-third of the world's people.

White Races in the Empire

We have divided the table into three parts, and we see that the British Isles in 1921 had 47,300,000 people, the Self-Governing Dominions 21,500,000, and the other parts of the Empire 363,600,000.

What is very remarkable about these figures is that by far the greater part of the white people of the Empire are still contained in the little British Isles.

Probably the whole of the British Empire contains not more than 65 million people belonging to all the European races, including the Boers, the French Canadians, and the many other people of European but not British descent.

So the whole of the British Empire outside the British Isles contains only 17,700,000 men, women, and children of European descent, or from three to four million families.

Building Up Trade

This is a very important fact, which ought to be better known. The Empire is still greatly in need of population if its resources are to be properly developed for the general good of mankind. We have only to glance at the map to see what enormous areas in North America, South Africa, and Australasia remain almost unpeopled.

South Africa, with an area of nearly 900,000 square miles, has only 5,700,000 people; Australia, with nearly three million square miles, has only 5,500,000; Canada, with three million square miles, has only 8,700,000 people.

The peopling of these great and fruitful places would be good, not only for themselves, but for the Motherland. Every extension of population and wealth production in the Dominions beyond the Seas leads to a growth of British trade at home.

UNCLE JACK AND THE BOYS

BIG EVENT IN CANADA
How the Geese Come Back
from the Ends of the Continent
GETTING READY FOR THE
BOY PARLIAMENT

By Our Canadian Correspondent

Manitoba has just held her annual Boys' Conference at the Manitoba Agricultural College, a few miles out of Winnipeg.

A Saturday holiday was chosen, and the morning was given over to field athletics. Each boy started off with a card on which his time or distance in the sprints, jumps, and so on, was recorded as he competed in the events. These cards also showed the standards set for different events by the Minister of Athletics in the Boys' Cabinet.

The afternoon was spent in football, group games, relay races, nature study tests, and so on, and then a glorious banquet was held in the college dining-room, where the thousand odd boys "ate until the tables moved away" and sang themselves hoarse.

During the evening a grand conclave and sing-song was held, with the Premier of Manitoba in the chair. The Girls' Cabinet was on the platform representing the sister organisation, and plans for the elections to the Boy Parliament were discussed.

Messages Sent by the Birds

The feature of the day, however, was the illustrated address from Uncle Jack Miner, the Canadian naturalist, the only man who has ever made the Canada wild goose tame.

Uncle Jack, who is almost worshipped by Young Canada, told of his geese, his ducks, his flowers, and his four-footed friends in a way that held his young audience spellbound. He told them how he fixes scriptural texts to the legs of his wild-geese visitors, and how these have been returned from the four corners of the continent.

The same geese visit him twice a year, on their way south in the autumn and on their way north in the spring.

WHY NOT A CRAB RACE?

The Lowly Travellers of the
Waters

CREEPING ALONG FROM
SCARBOROUGH TO MONTROSE

It is well known that some animals have a remarkable faculty of finding their way home; and especially surprising is it that crabs have the idea of locality. Yet Mr. W. S. Berridge, in his interesting book "Animal Curiosities," reminds us of what the C.N. has several times pointed out—that crabs have a strong homing instinct.

The Eastern Sea Fisheries Commission captured and marked 2000 crabs, liberated them at considerable distances from their homes, and found that hundreds of them had managed to sidle home again.

Some captured in Yorkshire and liberated on the South Lincolnshire coast had sprawled eighty miles back to Yorkshire; and a Scottish crab belonging to Montrose returned 115 miles from Scarborough to its native sand.

It is commonly believed that the crab walks backward. That is not true: it walks sideways; and it is amusing to imagine the crab sidling along the coast, determined to get back to Bonnie Scotland. It must have passed Newcastle and Berwick and Edinburgh in its peregrinations, and its pace cannot have averaged many miles a day.

Surely the school-books of the future will have a story, not about a tortoise and a hare, but about a crab and a hare; and perhaps we shall yet see a London to Brighton Crab Race!

GREAT CITY'S BRIDGE OF BOATS

The River Way of
Calcutta
NEW ROAD ACROSS THE
HOOGLI

A new iron bridge to be built on the cantilever principle is proposed for Calcutta, and if work is started immediately it is hoped to have the bridge ready for use in less than four years. The cost will be two million pounds.

Calcutta stands on the banks of the Hoogli, which is one of the mouths of the Ganges, and it extends for about five miles along the riverside, though in breadth it is less than two miles. The far side of the river is known as Howrah, and there stand the magnificent terminus of the East India Railway and many factories and warehouses.

It seems amazing that this important city should up to now have been dependent on a bridge of boats such as Alexander might have used. The two parts of the city are linked up at present only by a floating pontoon bridge and several ferries.

Naturally there is much traffic to and fro between the two sections of the city, and all this has to be done by the solitary pontoon bridge. This old bridge, which was built in 1874, is now in a very bad condition, and even if a large sum were spent on repairs it could not last many years.

It is proposed, therefore, to begin at once the new cantilever bridge, which was projected as far back as the beginning of the present century. It will have a span of 1400 feet and be 100 feet wide. It will carry two railway tracks, a roadway to accommodate six lines of vehicles, and two twelve-foot paths for foot passengers.

See World Map

DOCTOR'S WISE WARNING

A Girl's Very Bad Bargain

Sir James Cantlie, the famous surgeon, has been lecturing to the Institute of Hygiene on Smoking.

He warned his hearers that smoking diminishes activity, causes headache, poisons the heart, and spoils the singing voice, and he specially warned girls that it robs them of their freshness.

There can be little doubt that the warnings are wise, and that the warning to girls is especially needed. It may be admitted that in some cases tobacco acts as a pleasant stimulant or a pleasant sedative, and that in moderation it does little harm to the heart and nervous system; but even in moderation it robs girls and women of clear complexions and youthful freshness; and so the pleasure costs far more than it is worth.

Beauty is as important for the happiness of the world as strength—beauty is indeed to a woman what strength is to a man; and a girl who sacrifices the beauty of freshness for the sake of a very small gratification is making a very bad bargain.

A BOY'S ESCAPE

Thrilling Hours in a Mine

A pitboy working in a colliery in Staffordshire has had a narrow escape from death, and has passed through a dreadful ordeal.

The roof of the cutting where he was working fell upon him and pinned him down by the right arm, and half-buried him. Luckily his face was clear; but his position was most perilous, for at any moment there might be a further fall of rock, completely burying him.

A brave doctor crawled in and gave him an injection to relieve his pain, and thirty miners worked for ten hours to liberate the boy. When he was finally rescued he was still conscious.

We are sure everyone will agree with the manager, who said that the bravery of the rescuers was beyond all praise.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS SHOULD THEY BE SPREAD THROUGH THE YEAR?

Points for and Against the
Crowded Month of August
A DIFFICULT SUBJECT TO
THINK ABOUT

Is it possible to arrange school holidays to spread over the pleasant months of the year, instead of crowding all children's summer rest and pleasure into the end of July, August, and the beginning of September? That is a question which is being asked and discussed.

It is not an easy question to answer. Few questions that affect large numbers of people are easy to answer.

There are many objections to a crowded August. When great numbers want to do the same thing at the same time they not only get in each other's way but they make everything dearer by their competition for rooms and food.

Also August is not the best month for a holiday. On the whole, June is the best month, and July is better than August, though August is probably the best month to be away from school because it is often hot and exhausting.

A Problem of Lessons

Then, too, August is the month when the greatest number of parents have their holiday, and most parents like to have their children with them in their holiday weeks. August is the holiday month because business is then slack, and workers can be spared for a rest.

Again, the withdrawing of children in groups from school over three or four months adds great difficulties to the teaching, as lessons must be missed or be taught over and over again to different groups that have been absent.

From the school point of view the many breaks of a long holiday period make organisation extremely difficult.

The whole subject is one which affords a good exercise in thinking, for it illustrates the difficulty of being simple in management and united in feeling whenever large numbers have to be dealt with; and what suits many does not suit many others.

The one sure thing about every question affecting large masses of people is that whoever thinks arrangements are easy is sure to be wrong. On the whole, a practice that has come into existence slowly by experience is probably the nearest to being right.

C.N. COUNTRY GIRL'S NEW BOOK

Five Shillings' Worth of Gold

The Lucky Tub. By Elizabeth Croly. Mills and Boon. 5s.

It is difficult to do justice to this charming book of verse for children without seeming to exaggerate its many attractions.

It ranks with the best books of its kind ever written.

The author sorts her poems into three groups—for little children, for school-room children, and for people in their teens—and all are equally good for grown-up people who love children and can see into their minds.

Elizabeth Croly understands to the utmost the child who lives in the magic land of Fancy. She lives there herself, and, besides, she has poetic imagination of a high order, an originality surprising and fascinating, and a humour that is ever present without being blatant.

The spirit of all her pieces is tender and sweet, and an air of romance plays over them.

We have read these sixty poems with sheer delight, and warmly commend them to our readers—the more warmly because Miss Croly is an ever-welcome friend in our columns, for she is the C.N. Country Girl.

December 9, 1922.

The Children's Newspaper

9

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MUSICIAN WHO COULD NOT HEAR

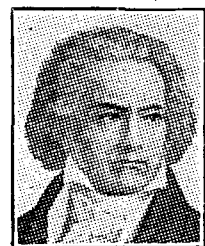
Beethoven's Sad Struggle With Deafness

GREATEST OF ALL COMPOSERS

Dec. 10. Siege of Plevna ended 1877
 11. Colley Cibber died in London 1757
 12. Flaubert born at Rouen 1821
 13. Dr. Samuel Johnson died in London . . . 1784
 14. George Washington died at Mt. Vernon . 1799
 15. Napoleon buried in Paris 1840
 16. Beethoven born at Bonn 1770

Ludwig van Beethoven, the greatest of all composers of instrumental music, was born at Bonn on December 16, 1770.

The family originally was Flemish, but Ludwig's father and grandfather were singers in the Elector's band at Bonn, the father being a drunken, worthless fellow, who, discovering early his son's aptitude for music, tried to make profit out of him as a youthful genius.



Beethoven

The son began to study music at four; was being taught the violin at five; played at a concert at seven; accompanied the band at 12; conducted it at rehearsals at 13; published his first composition at 12; and from 16 was the mainstay of the family.

But his special qualities as a musician were rather slow in developing, partly owing to lack of thoroughness in his education. He continued his musical studies until his twenty-fourth year, first under Mozart, and then under Haydn. But Beethoven never worked comfortably with other musicians, and his master, after Haydn, declared that he would "never do anything in decent style."

When he was 22 Beethoven left Bonn and lived in Vienna, which he had visited once before. Except for short tours, never very far afield, he did not leave Vienna again during the 35 years between his arrival there and his death.

Vienna Welcomes a Genius

When Beethoven reached Vienna the music of the city was being supported by a group of noble families that included some accomplished amateur musicians. They at once recognised him as a man of genius, and supported him patiently, though his peculiarities of mind and temper were often almost unbearable.

The gift that first recommended Beethoven to these lovers and patrons of music was his remarkable skill in extempore playing. He could compose aloud spontaneously for two hours at a time, keeping his hearers spell-bound by the skill and beauty of his improvisations. This early power of instantaneous invention was in curious contrast to the comparatively slow development of his powers of formal composition. As a formal composer he was constantly expanding his resources and enriching his style with original effects, especially in the symphony.

Triumphing Over Troubles

Curiously, his growth in strength and in depth of feeling increased as deafness overcame him. He began to be deaf when 28, and during his last years was stone deaf. But he went on composing music; that has profoundly impressed all who hear it, though he could not hear a note of it, or conduct it, and could only tell by looking at the audience whether they were showing approval.

Besides his struggle with his deafness Beethoven throughout his life had family worries through unsatisfactory relatives for whom he had to care. He was, too, prone to suspicion, and his violent temper, roughly expressed, never spared his dearest friends. Yet such was their admiration for him, and their certainty that he was honest and loyal at heart, that they readily forgave him, and tried to make easier the soundless life of this great master of harmonies.

PLAGUE FIGHTERS

HOW THEY ARE WINNING IN KENYA

The Great Danger to Man of Rats and Mosquitoes

GETTING RID OF THEM

Kenya Colony has set England a great example in the campaign against rats, to which our Natural Historian referred the other day.

Rats and gnats were in the world long before man, and now they are two of man's most dangerous enemies. Rats, as is now well known, are the chief cause of plague. The rats contract plague; fleas bite them, and if rat fleas subsequently bite men they infect the men with the disease.

In two districts of Kenya Colony called Kisumu and Kavirondo, where rats and fleas were plentiful, plague recurred periodically for many years; and in 1820 there were 5000 deaths in a population of 300,000 people. But science came to the rescue and now plague is almost unknown.

Natives Join in the Hunt

The plan of campaign adopted by the doctors was simple but thorough. They proceeded to take measures to exterminate the rats.

That was a difficult task, for rats multiply faster than rabbits. The huts were swarming with them, and the natives regarded them with quite friendly feelings. But in time even the chiefs joined in the rat hunt, and rat-killing squads of fifteen, working under medical supervision, slew the enemy by hundreds daily. Even now that plague is practically extinct, the hunt still continues, and the rats are cleared out of all the villages one after the other.

In preparation for the rat-hunt the natives remove all bedding and furniture from their huts, and when the ratting squad arrives they join in the hunt, and do not complain if their roofs and walls are destroyed in the pursuit of the pest. It seems a pity that in England the rat cannot be hunted with equal enthusiasm!

Draining the Swamps

The campaign against the malarial mosquito has been conducted with equal vigour and almost equal success. Swamps, in which the country abounds, have been drained and turned into fertile fields, and every effort has been made to destroy all breeding grounds of the mosquito.

So deadly has malaria been in some of these districts that it has killed forty or fifty per cent. of the infants, and infected almost all the adults. But already its ravages are much less.

With such energy is medical science fighting disease in Kenya Colony.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 6.30 a.m. on December 12

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

What is Erse?

The native language of the Irish. The word is a corruption of the word Irish.

Is the Pigmy Elephant Rare?

Only a few specimens have been found, and it is not certain that there is a regular race of dwarf elephants.

How Long Does a Monkey Live?

The anthropoid, or man-like, apes live for at least fifty years, and they are the longest lived of their kind.

What is the Correct Way to Lift a Rabbit?
 By the ears, but the body should be supported with the free hand, so as not to throw the whole weight on the ears.

Why Do Hens Lay Double-yolked Eggs?
 They do this rarely, and such an egg is more or less a freak. Why a certain bird should do this and not another is not fully understood.

Where is the Bowery?

It is the Whitechapel of New York, and its name is due to a farm called the Bowery that stood on the site in the seventeenth century.

Do Freshwater Fish Possess Smell and Hearing?

Fish do not hear. They feel vibrations which sounds cause, but their ears seem to act as balancing organs. The sense of smell is present.

How Long Does a Worm Live?

It cannot be stated with certainty, but, as the earthworm retires to deep soil and sleeps the winter away, we know it is more than a year.

How Many Young Does a Sperm Whale Have in a Season?

The sperm whale, like all other whales, gives birth to one young one, but not every year. Rarely the mother whale has two little ones.

How Should a Pomegranate be Eaten?
 The tough skin is peeled off and the red pulp inside is eaten in the same way as we eat an orange, the pips, or seeds, of course, not being swallowed. Pomegranates are not suitable for cooking.

Why Does a Horse Shy and a Donkey Not Shy?

The donkey is not so highly sensitive and timid as the horse. It has its fears, but does not betray them with the horse's alert action.

Does the Vampire Bat Attack Human Beings?

Certain vampire bats found in Central and South America have large, projecting, incisor teeth, and attack cattle and horses, and occasionally human beings.

Who is Black Rod?

An official of the House of Lords who goes to the House of Commons to summon members to the Upper House when the King's Speech is to be read at the opening of Parliament. His full title is Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

What is the African Waxbill?

The African grey waxbill is the smallest of the waxbill tribe. It is about three inches long, ashen-grey in colour, with a carmine abdomen and chest. The beak is vivid red, and there is a long patch of the same colour extending back from the eyes.

Can a Pet Tortoise's Eggs be Hatched Out by a Hen?

The tortoise's eggs in a state of nature are left in the sand or mud to be hatched out by the warmth of the sun. In England they might be hatched in a warm place such as an incubator or hot-house. A hen might hatch them out if they were placed with a sitting of hens' eggs, but she might peck the young tortoises when they were hatched.

Will Civilisation Eventually Blot out Wild Life?

The dangerous kinds of wild creatures will more or less disappear as the earth becomes more settled, but under modern civilised conditions, no doubt, attempts will be made to keep alive a certain proportion of these in reservations, as is now being done in South Africa, Canada, and other countries. There is no reason why harmless wild life should not continue under civilisation.

GEMS OF THE SKY

THE GIANT SUNS OF PERSEUS

Globes of Fire that Cool and Become Smaller

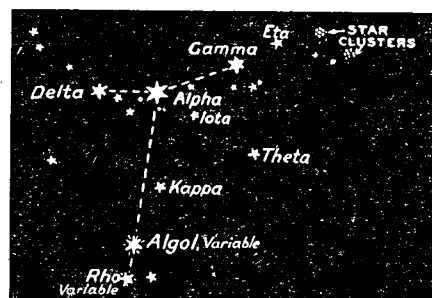
WONDERS OF THE MILKY WAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Due north of the Pleiades—described in the C.N. a fortnight ago—and exactly overhead about 9 o'clock, is the splendid constellation of Perseus.

If we face south when comparing it with our star-map its leading stars will be readily identified; earlier in the evening it should be looked for slightly to the east of overhead. On dark, moonless nights, such as we hope to get next week, the background of the sky will appear luminous in most of this region. This is due to the light of myriads of suns invisible to the naked eye.

Their light, which has taken some thousands of years to get here, is most



The chief stars of Perseus

conspicuous to the north and east of Perseus, extending away to the north-west and south-east.

It is known popularly as the Milky Way, and powerful telescopes reveal millions of suns, while with the aid of photography countless millions more may be seen, with evidence of still more in the dim beyond. They are all colossal, whirling suns, each one many thousands of times the size of our Earth.

But much nearer to us than these far-off star-clouds are the brilliant celestial gems of Perseus, shown on our map.

Companion Suns

Alpha in Perseus, is the brightest of them, a sun of enormous size, some hundreds of times greater than our own. Its distance has been found to be about 130 light years away. Another great sun, similar to Alpha but not so bright, is Gamma in Perseus, whose light takes about 140 years to reach us.

We see, therefore, that these two suns are not very distant from one another as stellar distances go. They are travelling in the same direction—toward the south-east—and as they are known to be in a similar state of existence we have good reasons for regarding them as a pair of suns associated together, with probably a common origin.

Kappa in Perseus, a much smaller star to the south of the others, though calculated to be at much the same distance—about 136 light years—is a much older type of sun, one which has sufficiently cooled to permit of the formation of an envelope, or atmosphere, of metallic vapours above the central incandescent and molten mass of heavier elements which form, as it were, the luminous body of the star.

Temperature of 8000 Degrees

This is a condition very similar to that of our own Sun, but radiating less heat.

On the other hand, Alpha and Gamma are of a more youthful, hotter, and therefore more expanded type. When they have cooled to the condition of our Sun, called the G type, or still lower to that of little Kappa in Perseus, which represents the K type, they will have become much smaller and less luminous. At present these two great suns possess a radiating temperature between 7500 and 8000 degrees Centigrade. They represent the F type of sun, the next hotter stage above our own Sun. G.F.M.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story
With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 41 Ray Shows Fight

RAY had one pot of jam left in his playbox, and when he was dressing next morning he remembered it, and made up his mind to bring it in for breakfast by way of celebrating the occasion.

Being now well on in the term, luxuries of this sort were scarce, and he knew how Jimmy would enjoy it. So he got up early, and before morning school rushed off to the box-room.

He had just unlocked his box, and was lifting out the pot, when someone came pushing past up the narrow alley-way between the boxes, and bumped against him heavily—so heavily that the pot was knocked out of Ray's hand, and, falling on the flagged floor, was smashed to pieces.

"Can't you be a bit more careful?" said Ray sharply, and turning, found himself face to face with Hogan.

On Hogan's thin lips was a grin which told Ray at once that what had happened was no accident.

Ray felt as if every drop of blood in his body boiled, but his solitary life had taught him self-control, and his voice was steady enough as he spoke.

"Did you do that on purpose, Hogan?"

"And if I did, what are you going to do about it?" sneered Hogan.

There was not another soul in the long, low, iron-roofed shed; and Hogan, knowing that neither Jimmy Clayton nor Bob Fane was near, felt able to indulge his ugly temper as much as he pleased.

"I'm going to tell you, first, that it was a low, cadish thing to do," was Ray's answer.

Hogan could hardly believe his ears. For a week past Ray had hardly opened his mouth; and Hogan had thought he could do as he liked with him. Then his nasty temper flared up.

"You dare talk to me like that, you cheeky brat!" he growled. "Apologise at once, or I'll treat you as I've treated your beastly jam-pot." As he spoke he seized Ray by the shoulder.

It was not a wise thing on Hogan's part, for the boy he was trying to bully was a very different person from the nervous, shrinking youngster who had arrived at Charninster at the beginning of the term. Hard football and running had made Ray tough and wiry; but, much more than that, Jimmy's friendship—and more particularly its reconciliation on the previous day—had given Ray confidence in himself.

On the spur of the moment he hit out with all his might, and his small but hard fist caught Hogan full on the nose.

Taken completely by surprise, Hogan staggered back. Ray's box, which he had lifted down off the shelf, was just behind him, and catching his heels against it, Hogan lost his balance and went over backwards, coming down on the flags with a thump that made him see stars.

The shock jarred every tooth in his head, and, into the bargain, knocked most of the wind out of his body.

Ray, almost as much surprised as Hogan at the result of his blow, stood over his enemy.

"I'll kill you for that!" snarled Hogan as he dragged a handkerchief from his pocket and applied it to his nose, which was beginning to bleed.

"I'm waiting," replied Ray curtly.

Hogan, however, showed no inclination to get up, and Ray, after

watching him for a moment, stooped to pick up what he could of the broken jam-pot. It was badly smashed, but as it was in a paper cover Ray thought he might save some of it.

Hogan saw his chance, or thought he did. As Ray stooped he jumped up quickly and made a grab at Ray's collar. He meant to get him down and then thrash him till he cried for mercy.

Ray felt rather than saw what was happening, and jerked away just in time. Then, quick as a flash, he picked up the pulp of jam which lay on the floor and flung it full at Hogan.

It caught him just below the chin and burst like a shell. Not only Hogan's waistcoat, tie, and collar were filled with the stuff, but it splashed all over his face and into his eyes. He staggered back, gasping and choking, but quite helpless, to hear Ray's laugh as he ran lightly away.

CHAPTER 42 Trouble Brewing

RAY had little more than time to get his books and reach his form before the hour struck and Slogger Flower came in. Ray, watching the master, saw presently that his eyes were on Hogan, and he himself grinned inwardly as he noticed that both the bully's eyes were beginning to blacken.

Jimmy had spotted it, too, and so had others. As for Hogan, his sharp features looked sour as vinegar, and his thin lips were as tight as a rat-trap.

Hogan was badly off his work; but Ray, on the contrary, was suddenly on it again. He never missed an answer, and up he went a place or two at a time until he was above Hogan. Jimmy noticed it, and secretly rejoiced.

Jimmy also watched Slogger, and saw that he was pleased, but also slightly puzzled. At the end of the hour Ray sat top of the form, while Hogan had gone down ten places.

The minute the hour was over Jimmy had Ray by the arm and was lugging him off to a quiet corner of the quadrangle.

"What's up with Hogan? Who's been pasting him in the eye?" he demanded eagerly.

"I did," said Ray simply, and Jimmy nearly sat down on the gravel in sheer astonishment.

When he had at last got the story out of Ray, Jimmy gave a whoop of delight.

"Oh, why wasn't I there?" he cried. "Ray, I'd have given a month's pocket-money to see it. You knocked down Hogan and pasted him all over with jam! Oh, it's the richest joke I've heard in many moons!"

Ray did not smile.

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Jimmy," he answered coldly, "but the fat's in the fire. Hogan won't rest until he's got square with me."

A quick change came over Jimmy's face, and instantly he was as grave as Ray himself.

"He'll never dare touch you again," he said sharply.

"Perhaps he won't, but he'll do something worse," snapped back Ray.

"I don't see what he can do," replied Jimmy.

"Nor do I—not now, at least. But he'll try something ugly. I feel it in my bones."

"Rats!" replied Jimmy curtly.

"Sit tight and keep your eyes open. You and I can handle Foxy between us."

Ray went off on another tack. "If Ferguson isn't going to own

up, what are we going to do about that crib business?"

"Oh, shut up about that!" returned Jimmy. "I've told you I don't care twopence about it."

"But I do," insisted Ray.

Jimmy made an impatient movement of protest.

"If you don't stop worrying about that silly business you'll mess up your chance for the scholarship. And I tell you straight I'd rather see you lick Hogan for that than anything you could do for me." He paused. "See here, Ray. Hogan's pretty badly dipped. This betting game of his has landed him in debt, and from what I've heard lately I believe he owes pounds. He's counting on the scholarship to bring him a good tip from his father so that he can square up, so if you can beat him I believe that there will be such a row that he will have to leave in a hurry."

Ray whistled softly.

"Bad as that, is it? I say, I'm almost sorry for the chap."

"Don't be," retorted Jimmy. "You know, just as well as I do, that the school would be a lot cleaner without him."

Ray nodded. He could not help feeling that Jimmy was right.

There was a pause, then Jimmy spoke again.

"Talking of the scholarship, Ray, we've lost a horrid lot of time, and we've just got to make it up. We'd better go down to the old house and do a bit of mugging up."

"Rather!" agreed Ray. "We'll have a turn this afternoon."

They did, and for the next few days both worked harder than ever before.

Ray was so busy that he even neglected his beloved violin. The result was that he continued to remain in his old place near the top of the form. Jimmy, too, began to rise again.

Slogger saw it, and puzzled inwardly at the change. It did not escape him that Jimmy and Ray were pals again after their estrangement. But though he knew nothing of the reasons for this state of things he began to have certain suspicions. He did not, however, follow them up, for just then he had other things to think of.

As for Hogan, Arden, and Bulmer, they lay very low. But Ray watched them constantly. As he had told Jimmy, he was certain that fresh trouble was brewing. But what form it would take, of that he could not form the faintest idea.

CHAPTER 43 Screwed Up

JIMMY CLAYTON came into hall rather late one morning, to find Ray deep in a letter that he had just had. And the look on Ray's face checked the cheery greeting which was on Jimmy's lips and caused him to slip quietly into his place without saying a word.

Bob Dane, too, had spotted that there was something wrong, and he and Jimmy exchanged quick glances.

Ray hardly ate any breakfast, but Jimmy was too wise to ask questions. He knew Ray would tell him sooner or later.

He had not long to wait. As soon as they were out, Ray caught Jimmy by the arm and drew him off to a quiet corner under the trees.

"Dad's ill," he said briefly.

A serious expression crossed Jimmy's freckled face.

"Bad?" he asked quickly.

"No; not dangerous or anything like that. It's a nervous breakdown, and the doctors tell him he's got to chuck his work and come home and live quietly. But he says that means that he loses more than half his income, and he's afraid he can't keep me on here."

Jimmy's whistle had a note of absolute dismay.

"Oh, I say, Ray, that would be the mischief!" Then suddenly he brightened up. "But if you got

the scholarship," he exclaimed, "wouldn't that put things right?"

Ray nodded.

"That's just what Dad says. It would just make the difference."

"Then you've simply got to get it," declared Jimmy.

"I shall do my best," said Ray soberly. "But Hogan is really working now, and he's ever so much ahead of me in most things. And Bailey's got a good chance, too."

"Don't worry about Bailey. Hogan's the only one to think about. And Hogan hasn't a notion how you've been working at stinks."

"That's all your help, Jimmy. You've been a brick about it."

"Rot! I haven't helped you half as much as you've helped me. Look here! We'll get an hour this afternoon. Four o'clock. That suit you?"

Ray said it would, and after the usual footer practice he changed quickly, and went round to the old house.

Jimmy was a long time in coming.

"Couldn't get away," he said breathlessly. "That fellow Hogan was watching me. I say, Ray, you don't think he has ever followed you down here?"

"Not he!" answered Ray. "I've taken jolly good care of that. I hope you didn't let him see where you were going."

"No; I waited till he sheered off," said Jimmy; but all the same he didn't look happy.

"Well, let's get to work," said Ray, and for the next hour the two stuck to it like Trojans.

Ray was secretly astonished to find how much Jimmy knew about chemistry. The fact was that it was the one thing Jimmy was really keen about. At last Jimmy stood up and stretched his arms above his head.

"That's enough for today, Ray. Let's go back to the class-room and make a cup of cocoa. I vow we've earned it."

"Right oh!" said Ray, and, first blowing out the candle, he cautiously pulled back the thick old curtain that covered the window. Then he took hold of the sash to open it. He pulled and strained, but nothing happened.

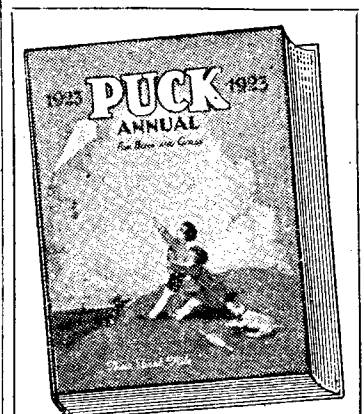
"The wretched thing is stuck. Give us a hand, Jimmy," he said.

Jimmy took hold, but their united strength failed to make the window budge an inch.

Panting, Jimmy stood back. Then he lit a match and had a look at the sash.

"Here's a joke," he said grimly. "Someone has screwed up the window from outside."

TO BE CONTINUED



THE GIFT THAT LASTS A YEAR

6/-

Of all
Booksellers
and
Newsagents

As a gift to any child between the ages of 7 and 14 Puck Annual is ideal. Its fascinating stories and pictures will be read and looked at for months and months after the usual broken toy has been thrown away.

Who Was He?

A Great Thinker

MORE than four hundred years before Jesus was born at Bethlehem a youth who belonged to a well-to-do Greek family was studying in Athens, where he learned not only to read and write but also to paint and to excel in gymnastic exercises.

So good a wrestler was he that he was chosen to take part in the great national games of his country, at that time considered a crowning honour. He also studied music under famous masters, and while quite a boy began to write poetry.

He is said to have had a vivid imagination, but only a few fragments of verse have come down to us with his name attached.

Like most well-to-do youths of his day, he studied philosophy, and when he was twenty he became the disciple of a teacher whose name is honoured today.

For several years a close friendship existed between the two, and then the teacher was condemned to death. The youth attended the trial, but could do nothing to save his master's life. As soon as the teacher was dead the young disciple left Athens and travelled.

For some years he was abroad, and then, while on his way home, he had the misfortune to offend a tyrant who ruled over another land, and cruelly sent him into slavery. The man who bought him, however, was not long in releasing him, and he returned to Athens, where he taught youths in a garden, his teaching being embodied in conversations. Much of his teaching has come down to us in the form of dialogues, and a great modern thinker has said that out of what he taught come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought.

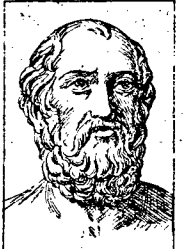
It is astonishing how little is really known of his actual life, but he has influenced the world greatly for more than two thousand years.

Just as he was the pupil of a very famous teacher, so he in turn had a pupil who later became renowned, and the three stand out as the greatest of all the teachers of classic times.

In his lifetime this philosopher's fame reached out far beyond his native land, and the very tyrant who had sent him into slavery afterwards begged him to come and teach philosophy to his son, who was an idler as the result of a misguided education. The philosopher went, and seems to have helped and improved the son.

Returning to Athens, he spent a very peaceful old age, and died at 81, some say while attending a wedding feast, and others while in the act of writing. In him Greece lost a great and good man, but his name lives on for ever.

Here is his portrait. Who was he?





There is Many a True Word Spoken in Jest



D! MERRYMAN

THE director of a great business was hard at work when a friend came into his office.

"My time is worth ten pounds a minute," said the busy one.

"I know," answered his friend; "but I just came in to suggest that we go and play about two thousand pounds' worth of golf this afternoon."

What Am I?

MY first is in novel and also in new,

My second's in people and also in pew,

My third is in walking and also in way,

My fourth is in yellow and also in grey,

My fifth is in only and also in one,

My sixth is in hurry and also in run,

My seventh is in Katherine and also in Kate,

My whole is a city, busy and great.

Solution next week

Do You Live in Bride Street?

THIS name is a shortened form of Bridget, a female saint, and streets and lanes with the name are generally called after a church dedicated to the saint. Sometimes the church has disappeared, but the name survives in that of the street.

Why did the fire-fly?

Because it saw the waterchute.

A Screaming Success

THERE was a young lady of Russia

Who screamed so that no one could hush her;

Her screams were extreme,

No one heard such a scream

As was screamed by that lady of Russia. EDWARD LEAR

Do You Know

THAT silkworms are not worms at all? They are the caterpillar stage of the silkworm moth.

That it is quite wrong to speak of Westminster Abbey? The abbey has long since disappeared, and what remains is the church belonging to the former abbey. The proper name of this building is the Collegiate Church of St. Peter.

That sealing-wax contains no wax? It is made of shellac, turpentine, and cinnabar.

That the sayings "In the midst of life we are in death" and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" do not occur in the Bible, as is so often supposed?

Submarine Cookery



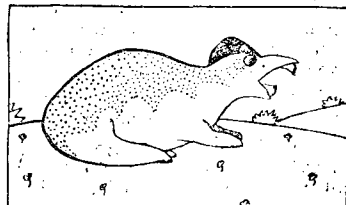
SAID Mrs. Fish, "This birthday cake, dear, I have contrived for you to bake, dear; To make a rich one I decided, With currents by the sea provided!"

The Strange Relative

A BLIND beggar lost a brother, but the man who died had no brother.

What relation was the beggar to the man who died? *Answer next week*

The Zoo That Never Was



The Bollibife

THEY tell me that the Bollibife Is simply sick and tired of life; It has two teeth, sharp, sound, and true, But never finds a thing to chew!

WHY is a Member of Parliament like a shrimp?

Because he has M.P. at the end of his name.

Very Helpful

A COMMERCIAL traveller had only a few minutes in which to catch a train, and just as he was leaving his hotel he thought of something he had forgotten. Turning back, he called a messenger boy.

"Here, boy, run up to my room and see if I left a parcel on the table. Be as quick as you can, please."

The messenger rushed up the stairs, and the impatient traveller, glancing anxiously at his watch, saw that the train was due in just five minutes. Presently the boy came clattering downstairs.

"Yes, sir," he gasped breathlessly; "you left it there, sir!"

Zoological Meteorology

WHEN people speak of beastly weather they probably mean that it is raining cats and dogs.

WHEN is an umbrella like a convalescent person?

When it is recovered.

Arithmetical Problem

A FATHER divided a certain sum of money equally among his seven boys, giving to each exactly ten shillings less than the total amount.

How much did each boy receive? *Answer next week*

Winter Has Begun

GREEN leaves turn to yellow; Yellow leaves to red— See them falling, falling On the garden bed.

Bare trees stand and whisper; Cold winds moan and cry— Hear them calling, calling As we hurry by.

Flowers have lost their petals; Pattering raindrops sound; Dead leaves lie so dreary On the soaking ground.

"Winter," sigh the breezes— "Winter has begun!" But Robin's singing cheery About next year's sun!

WHAT bridge is it impossible for you to cross?

The bridge of your nose.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? The figure 8

Arithmetical Problem

The distance was 13½ miles. They were 4½ hours going and 1½ hours returning.

Barred Countries

France, Iceland, Denmark, Finland

Jacko on a Milk Round

JACKO wanted a job. His pocket-money would not buy half the things he wanted. If he got stamps he couldn't save up for that white rat he longed to possess; and while he was saving up for the white rat he couldn't afford the C.N., and find out the tales they were telling about him. He must find work and earn something extra.

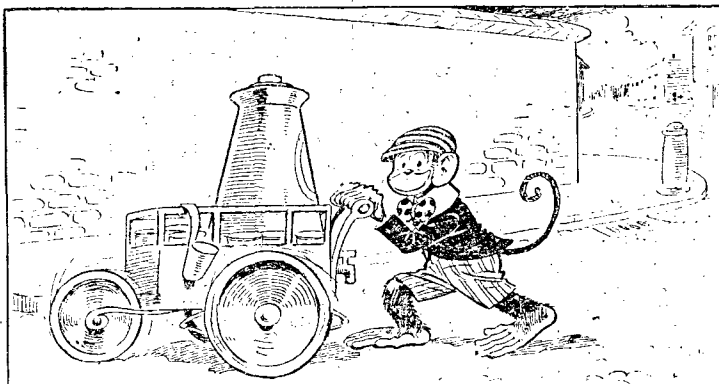
One Saturday night he saw the very thing in the local paper, the Monkeyville Echo. It was an advertisement for a boy to go on a milk round. The moment he saw it Jacko rushed round to the dairy.

There was another boy after the job, a red-haired fellow, who scowled at Jacko as they waited to be interviewed. Presently they were both shown into the dairyman's office. He asked them a few questions. Jacko was on his best behaviour. Ginger had not washed his paws. Jacko got the job.

When they both got outside, Jacko gave a little skip in the air, and darted a triumphant look at the other boy. Ginger put out his tongue, and called: "I'll be even with you yet!"

Next day Jacko started on his new career. He had a little push-cart with glittering cans in it. It was great fun to march along, screaming loudly: "Milk-e-ow-wow!"

It was rather grand to stamp down area steps, and fill jugs, and take the pennies, while all the cats in the neighbourhood mewed round the cart, hoping he would spill a little.



Jacko started on his new career

But someone was following him, dodging behind pillar-boxes and corners, waiting an opportunity. It was Ginger.

By and by Jacko reached his sister's house.

"Milk-e-ow-wow!" he squalled; and then, banging on the door, he shouted: "Hurry up there! I've got my other customers to think of."

Belinda bounced the door open to give the impatient milkman a piece of her mind; and she nearly dropped the jug when she caught sight of Jacko.

They stood chatting for some moments. This was just the opportunity that Master Ginger had wanted.

At the next house Jacko took out a can. The cook was waiting for him at the top of the area steps with her jug. As Jacko was filling it a mouse splashed out with the milk.

The cook shrieked and fell down the area. Jacko thought she was killed, so did all the other servants who came running round. But when she came out of her faint she told them that Jacko had put a mouse in the milk to frighten her.

"I'll teach you to terrify women!" cried the butler, seizing Jacko's ear. "Susan, fetch me the carpet-beater!"

Next day the round was taken by a new boy with red hair.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

On the Road to School

A reader on an island off the coast of British Columbia sends this note.

My brother and I were watching an eagle high up in a tree when suddenly it swooped down into the water, caught a fish, and flew away with it.

Following its course, we saw another eagle meet it and take the fish to its young ones. The fishing eagle then returned to its position on the tree.

On our way to school we often startle deer, and sometimes mink and coon. Mink create great havoc in the poultry yard. They do not eat the birds, but suck their blood, and will kill 20 to 40 in one night, leaving their carcasses lying about.

En se Rendant à L'École

Un lecteur, habitant une île près de la côte de la Colombie Britannique nous écrit.

Mon frère et moi observions un aigle haut perché sur un arbre, quand tout à coup il fondit sur l'eau, attrapa un poisson et s'envola avec sa proie.

En le suivant des yeux, nous vîmes un autre aigle venir à sa rencontre et prendre le poisson pour le porter à ses petits. L'aigle-pêcheur revint alors reprendre son poste sur l'arbre.

En nous rendant à l'école, il nous arrive souvent de faire déboucher des daims et parfois des visons et des rats laveurs. Les visons font de grands dégâts dans les basses-cours. Ils ne mangent pas les volailles, mais ils leur sucent le sang, et en tuent de vingt à quarante en une seule nuit, laissant leurs carcasses çà et là.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Ogre

BOBBY always called him the Ogre, because he roared so loudly when anything annoyed him; but he was really only a rather grumpy old gentleman who lived next door.

He roared when Peter's ball bounced over the wall into his flower beds; he roared when Mona's kitten gambolled into his garden; and he roared when the children played circus rather noisily in the nursery.

"Look here!" he bellowed one day. "Next time that ball comes over here it stops."

And the very next day Peter threw it too high for Mona to catch, and over it went.

It was a new ball, and everyone felt very gloomy about it until Bobby said bravely that he would wait till the Ogre was having his afternoon nap, and then climb over the wall and fetch it.

He got over safely, but no sooner did he put one foot carefully on a flower bed than the Ogre popped out from somewhere and caught him.

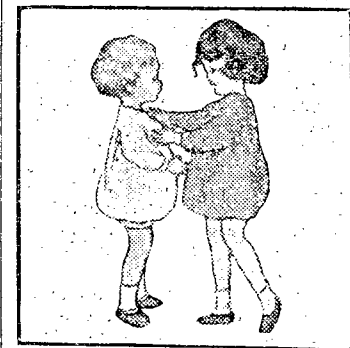
"So you are going to spoil my roses now are you, you young imp?" he roared.

He marched poor, trembling Bobby toward the house, and at that very moment a rude little street boy pushed open the garden-gates and ran off.

The Ogre roared. He hated his gates to be open: paper blew into his neat garden and the butcher's dog got in and scratched up his bulbs.

He had rheumatism in his knees, too, and it was a long way down the drive.

In a moment Bobby dashed forward, closed the gates, and picked up the untidy paper that had blown in. When



"He is not an ogre at all"

he came back the Ogre had stopped roaring.

"Like apples, young man?" he asked.

Bobby said he did, and ten minutes later he appeared in his own garden with a capful of rosy apples and the lost ball.

"Didn't the Ogre eat you?" asked Peter.

"No, he didn't," said Bobby.

"He's given me something to eat instead. And, look here, we have all got to behave, because he isn't an Ogre at all, but a nice, jolly old thing."

Then he divided the apples, and after the feast they all gave three cheers for the Ogre.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

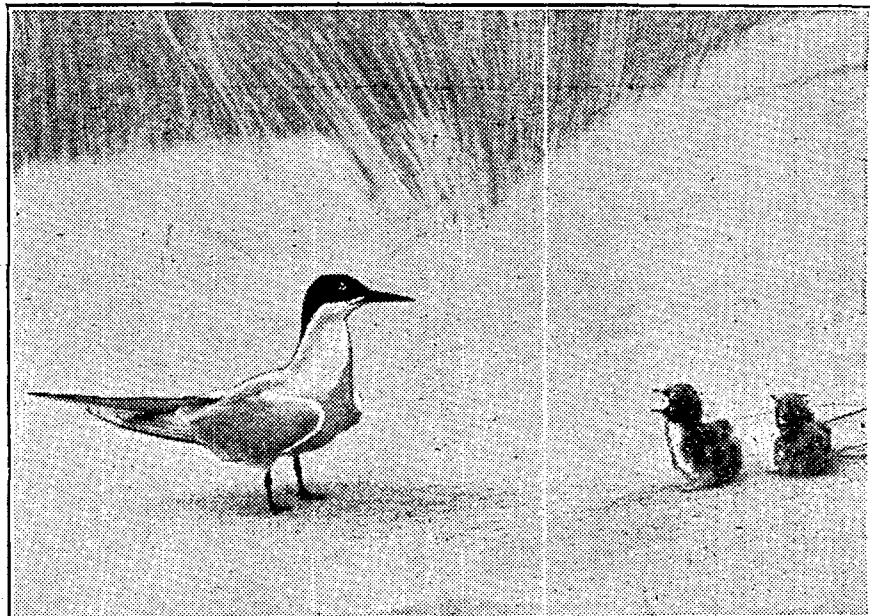
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 9, 1922

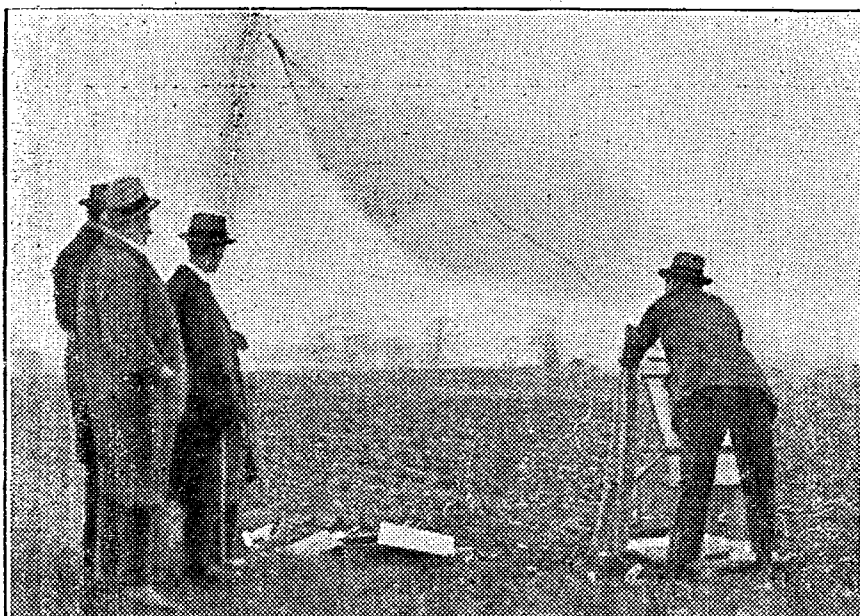
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

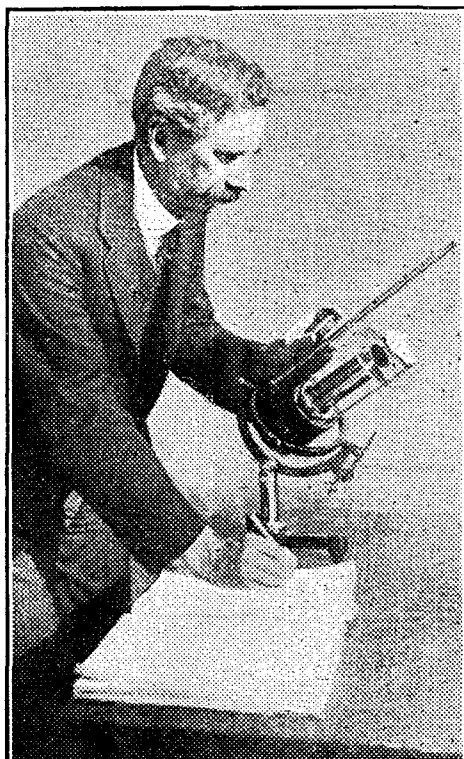
MEASURING A STAR'S HEAT · LONDON'S GORILLA · MOTOR CAR ON A RAILWAY



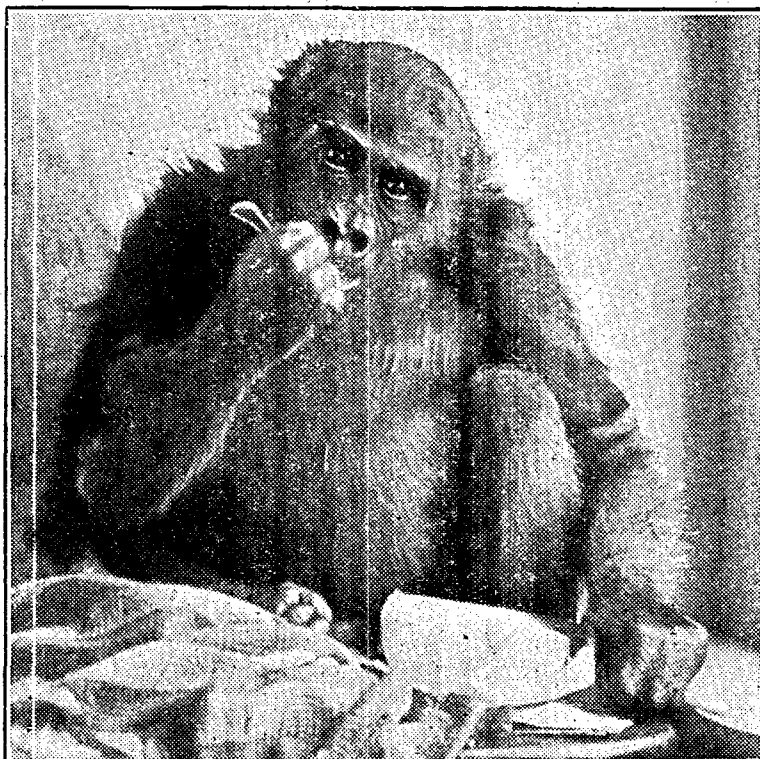
Terns Cry for Their Mother—Terns have nested in Norfolk for centuries past, and here we see two young birds calling to their mother, who is looking very severe.



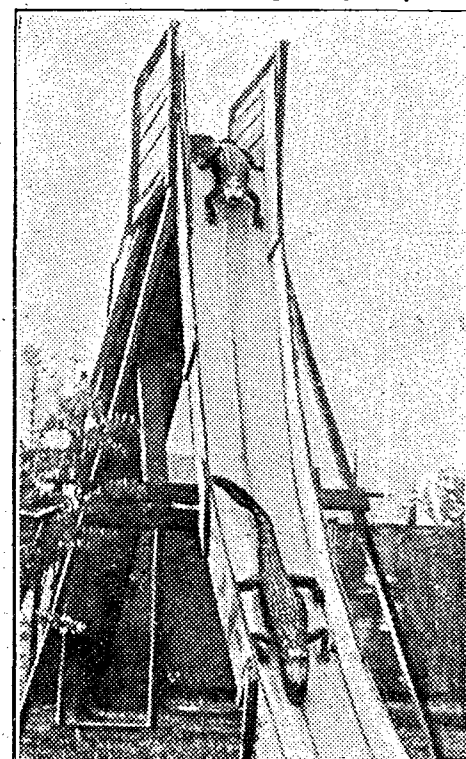
Safety First for Shipwrecked Sailors—Testing a new kind of rocket apparatus which fires a stout rope a distance of four hundred yards. The rocket weighs only six pounds.



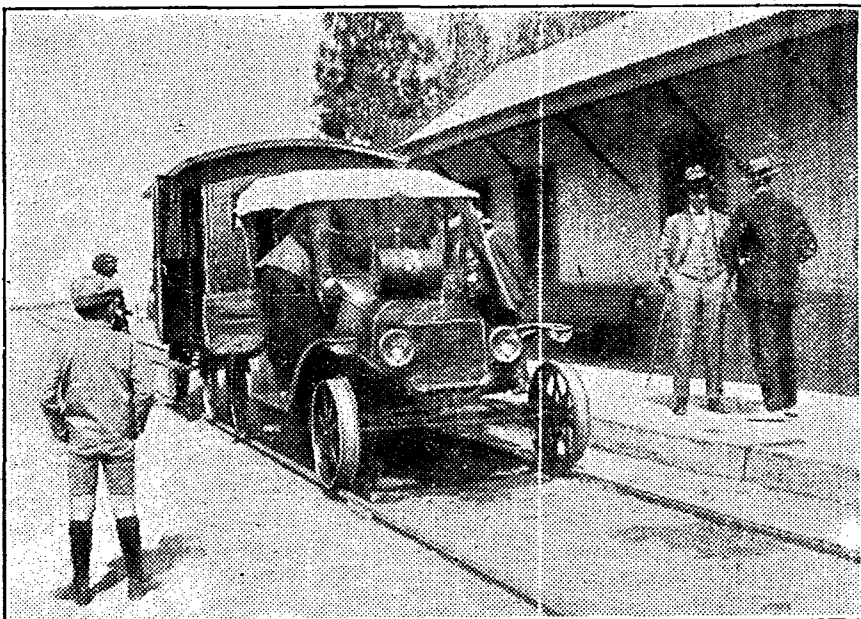
Measuring the Heat of a Star—Dr. Charles Abbott, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, with the silver disc pyrheliometer with which he is able to measure the heat of a very distant star.



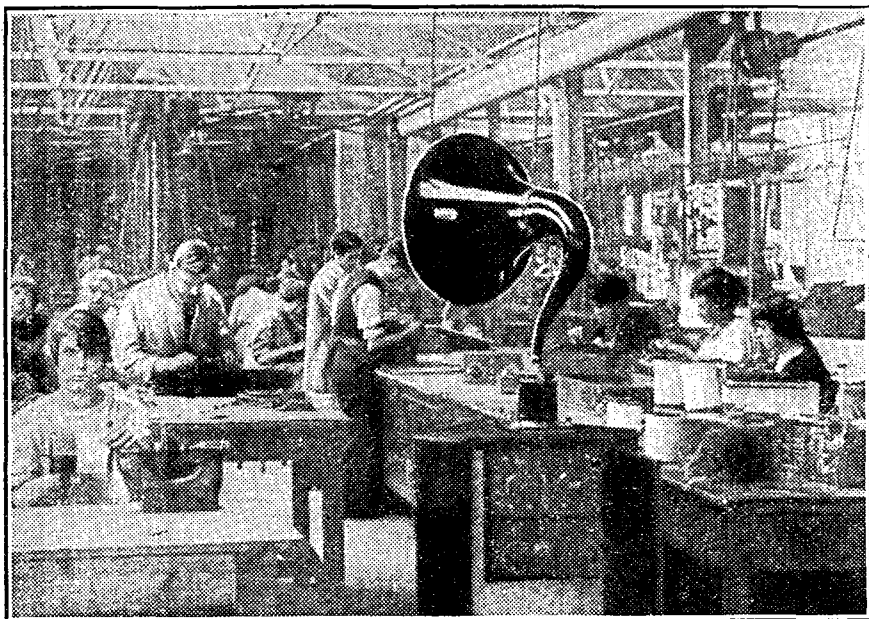
A New Gorilla Arrives in London—Chula, the new gorilla that has arrived in London to take the place of Johnny Gorilla, whose stuffed remains now adorn the Natural History Museum in New York, is learning to use a spoon, as can be seen here. It will be interesting to see if he is able to survive an English winter.



Alligators Shoot the Chute—On an alligator farm at Los Angeles, in California, a chute has been erected, and the alligators have been taught by their owner to slide down this into the water.



Motor-car Runs on a Railway—This motor-car has been fitted with special flanged wheels so that it can run on the railway track from Arica to Tacna, in Chile, a distance of 39 miles. It pulls a trailer and enables twenty passengers to travel in comfort at a time.



Wireless to Help the Worker—Music during working hours is being advocated as an aid to production, and here we see a wireless concert being given in a factory while the workers continue their ordinary tasks. This is an advance on gramophone concerts in factories.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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